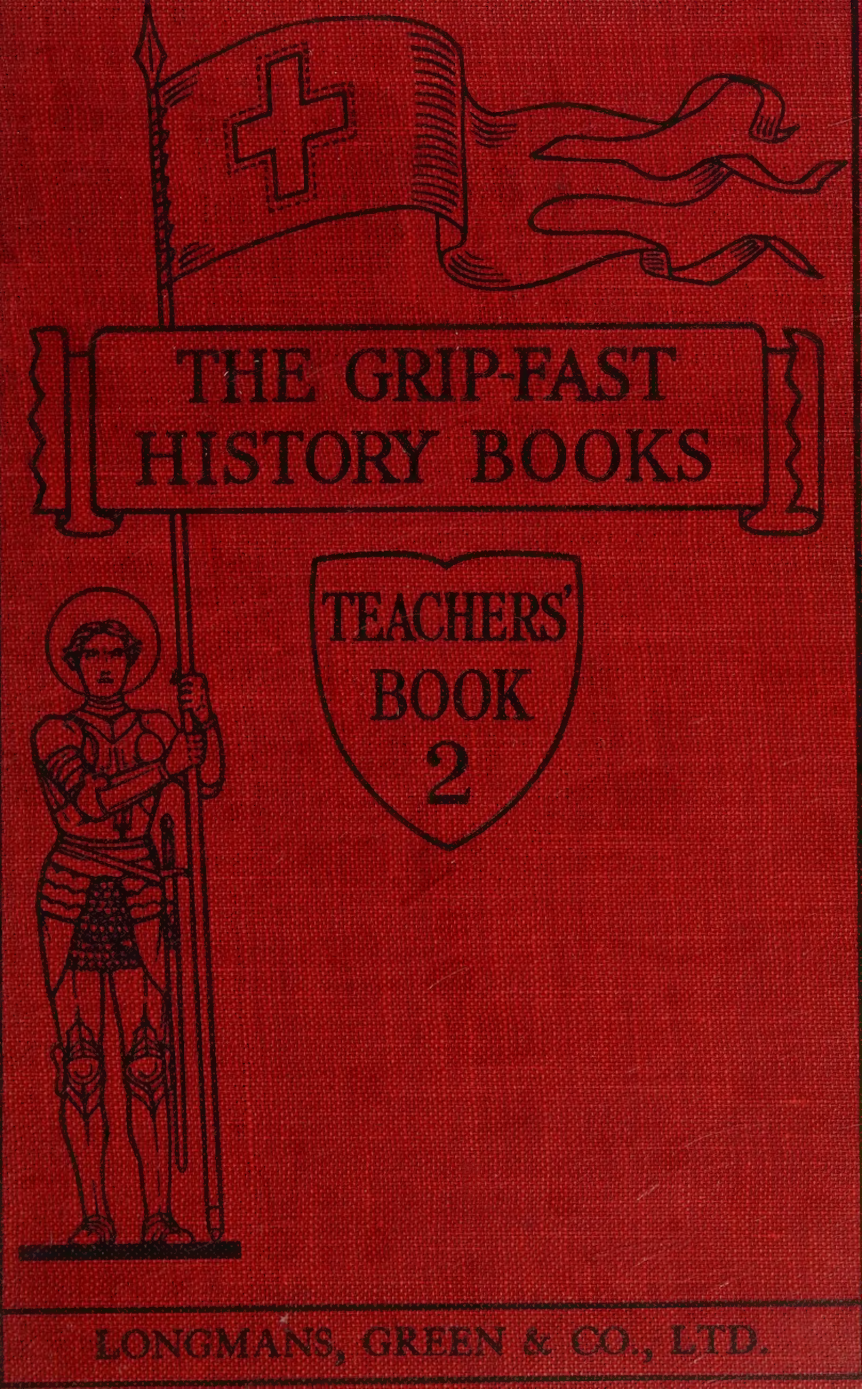

THE GRIP-FAST HISTORY BOOKS

TEACHERS' BOOK 2

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.

M. McMenemy

THE GRIP-FAST HISTORY BOOKS

BOOK II

MEDIÆVAL BRITAIN, 900 TO 1535

A Danish raid.

The Danes have brought their ships up a creek on the east coast, and are landing to attack the Saxon village on the hill. They wear chain mail, carry shields, and have their spears and battle-axes ready for the fight.

Frontispiece] *(Reduced from Longmans' "Historical Wall Pictures.")*

THE GRIP-FAST HISTORY BOOKS

BOOK II

MEDIÆVAL BRITAIN, 900 TO 1535

BY
CECIL KERR

WITH 4 PLATES IN COLOUR AND 40 ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK AND WHITE BY HENRY J. FORD

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
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PREFACE

THE keenest faculties of a child are memory and imagination, both valuable assets in the teaching of history. Vivid word-pictures of historical incidents or scenes will remain in the child's mind long after a half-memorized paragraph or chapter has been forgotten. The Grip-Fast History Books aim at presenting British history as a consecutive series of pictures, full of life and colour. These are linked together by a chain of the most outstanding events, summarized as shortly and clearly as possible, which are intended to be memorized, word for word, by the child.

For use with each book—the first excepted—there is a corresponding book for the teacher, containing material for the development of certain points of consequence in the summaries and a few notes on the stories themselves.

Though children very soon learn to dramatize historical scenes, the beginning is sometimes difficult. To minimize this, a series of cards containing short scenes from history for class acting is published for use with the Grip-Fast Books.

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THE GRIP-FAST HISTORY BOOKS

KING ALFRED THE GREAT

In Anglo-Saxon times there were seven kingdoms in England.
Wessex was the greatest.
Egbert, King of Wessex, conquered the others.
He was the first to be called King of England.
Egbert had a grandson called Alfred.
In Alfred's time the Danes nearly conquered England.
Alfred defeated the Danes and made a treaty with them at Wedmore.

Long, long ago, a party of pilgrims started out from England to go all the way to Rome to see the Pope.

If you look at the map you will see what a great journey it was. First they had to cross the sea, and very likely they were chased by savage pirates and had to row as hard as ever they could to get away from them. Then they had to travel

right through France, not in a comfortable express train, but either riding or walking all the way.

Sometimes they spent the night in the castle of a great noble; sometimes they stopped at a monastery where the kind monks took care of them; and sometimes they had to stay in a little wayside inn. They climbed up and up, over the wild, snowy Alps, and then down into the lovely sunny land of Italy, and at last they found themselves in Rome.

Now, one of these pilgrims was a tiny little boy of four years old. His name was Alfred, and he was the youngest son of the King of Wessex, who loved him more than all his other children, and so he was sending him to be blessed and confirmed by the Pope.

How tired poor little Alfred must have got on that long journey, and how he must have stared at all the strange things he saw, and the great palaces and churches of Rome, so different from the little wooden houses in his own country! And what wonderful stories he must have had to tell his brothers and sisters when he got back home!

But all these excitements did not make him care much for his lessons, for we are told that he loved hunting and riding, and when he was a great big boy of thirteen he still could not read.

One day his mother showed the children a beautiful book, and said that whoever could read it first should have it.

The Queen shows the beautiful books to Alfred and his elder brothers.

The books were not then in nice clear print, like ours. They were all written out by hand by the monks and were very difficult to read, but they had lovely painted letters and pictures, and Alfred

wanted this one so much that he set to work and was able to read it long before his older brothers.

Before we tell what Alfred did when he grew

up, we must look round and see what sort of place England was in those days.

You know how, in the very beginning of our history, the Romans conquered Britain and built

towns and cities all over the country, and how in time the Britons became Christians.

Then came the wild Picts from Scotland and the Scots from Ireland, and other savage tribes from over the seas, who drove back the Romans and the Britons, and made the land savage and heathen once again. Great Britain was not one country then with one king and one parliament to rule over it, for each of these tribes set up a kingdom of its own, and they were all fighting and quarrelling with each other all the time.

After a time Pope Gregory sent St. Augustine to preach to them and convert them, and in the end they became such good Christians that their name was known all over Europe. So many of them used to go on pilgrimages to Rome, that part of the city was called after them, and every year they sent a present to the Pope of Peter's Pence, just as we do now.

Now, just as England was growing into a settled, Christian country, another fierce, heathen people appeared and began to treat the poor Saxons in exactly the same way as they had treated the Britons long before. These were the savage sea kings, called the Danes or Northmen.

They were a daring, warlike people who came from Norway and Denmark, and soon their long

black boats and their raven flag were the terror of every sea. If you look at the map you will be surprised to find how far they went, although they had no compasses to guide them, and only oars to drive their boats along.

Some of them braved the icebergs of Greenland and Iceland; some of them landed in the north of France, which is still called Normandy after them, and some of them even went as far as the Mediterranean Sea and settled in Sicily and the toe of Italy. But, as you will see, the first land they came to on their voyages was always Great Britain, and soon they had landed in every bay and sailed up every river round the coast.

Year after year it was the same story. The poor Saxons were working peacefully in their fields. Suddenly they caught sight of some tiny black specks far out at sea. Messengers rushed off to call out all the fighting men, but long before they could come together the Danes had landed, and begun to kill and burn whatever they could find.

Each time they came they were a little bolder and pushed a little farther into the land. They crept through the forests, which were very thick, and burst suddenly on the villages, and everywhere they killed and burnt and destroyed, till

the poor Saxons dared not sleep at night for fear of these terrible savages, with their long wild hair and their sharp swords.

A Danish chieftain's boast and booty.

The worst part was that it was always the churches and monasteries they went to first, partly because they knew that they would find

rich gold chalices and vestments, and partly because they hated the monks who would not fight and defend themselves. One of their chiefs boasted that in one place he had killed eighty-four monks with his own hands.

In those days the monasteries were the most

The monks busy at work ploughing and felling trees—before the Danes disturb them.

important places in the land. They were the schools and hospitals, and the monks not only taught the people their religion, but they looked after them and showed them how to cut down the forests and to farm the land, and many other things as well.

So when so many of these good learned monks were killed, it looked as if England would once

again go back to being a savage heathen country. But this time God sent a great man to save her, and his name, as you will guess, was Alfred.

Alfred was only twenty-two years old when he

King Alfred scolded by the neatherd's wife for letting her loaves burn.

became king. His father and all his brothers were dead and he was left alone to face these fearful dangers. He hated wars and only longed to see his people peaceful and happy, but he knew that till the Danes were driven off he could do nothing.

All his life he had to fight against them. In one year he fought nine great battles, but as soon as one army was defeated another came, until the Saxons lost heart altogether, and King Alfred was pushed farther and farther back, right to the other side of England.

At last he was left quite alone, and he hid in the hut of a poor woman who made him work for her. She little knew that he was the king, and once she gave him a real good scolding for letting her cakes get burnt, when she had told him to sit and watch them.

While poor Alfred was in hiding, he began to think that he had not always been so good as he might have been and that perhaps God was punishing him. So he prayed hard and begged God to forgive him and to help him to save his people.

One day as he was reading his prayer-book a poor man came and begged from him. King Alfred had only one little loaf left, but he gave the beggar half of it.

That night he dreamt that St. Cuthbert, the great Saxon saint, came and told him to take heart, for God would give him back his throne. Then one by one his people gathered round him, and he collected his army together again, and

suddenly he surprised the Danes and won a great victory over them. He made a treaty with them. He drew a line across the map of England, and they promised to keep to the north of that line and not to trouble Wessex any more, and Guthrum, their king, said he would become a Christian.

So he was baptised, and Alfred was his god-

Alfred's new fleet of great ships which chased away the Danish ships from English coasts.

father. After that, although more Danes kept coming, and Alfred had always to be on the watch against them, they were never so powerful again, and he was able to think about setting his poor country in order once more.

The first thing he did was to build a fleet. He saw that far the wisest plan would be to defeat the Danes at sea and not let them land at all. He caught one of their ships and took it as a

copy, and he was so clever that he was able to show his people how to make something much better.

His new boats were ever so much bigger, with sixty oars, and could go a great deal faster, and soon the Danes were flying before King Alfred's fleet, and could no longer think the sea was all their own. This was the beginning of the great British Navy of which we are all so proud.

Besides his navy, King Alfred trained up an army and gave them better weapons to fight with, and he built forts all along the coasts, so that, bit by bit, the people began to feel safe and happy and were able to settle down once more in their homes.

Then King Alfred built fine new churches and monasteries of stone, instead of the wooden ones which the Danes had burnt, and he brought back the monks and started schools. He said the boys should learn to read before they could hunt or ride.

Even his stern old Saxon nobles had to sit down and learn their letters, which they found a much harder job than fighting the Danes. The books in those days were all in Latin; but he thought it would be easier for his people to read in their own language, so when he was quite old

he took all the trouble to learn Latin and translated some of the books himself.

He was interested in everything—building churches, learning about other countries, music and singing, even training dogs to hunt, and he always carried a little book with him to jot down

King Alfred translating books.

anything that took his fancy. The old historian who wrote his life says that very soon the book was full.

The people had become so wild and lawless that the king had to travel all the time from place to place, doing justice among them and making them obey the laws. They were all so ignorant that he had to do everything himself, until at last

he brought some wise learned men from other countries to help him.

In order to fit in all his work he divided his time into three parts. The first part was for his prayers and studies. Every day he got up at cockcrow and went to the church to hear Mass. He used to lie flat before the altar and beg God to help him to rule his people wisely. The second part of his time was given to his business, and the last part he kept for his meals and his sleep. But there was a great difficulty. There were no clocks. The only way of telling the time was by the sun, and if it was cloudy and dark, what was he to do ?

He thought of a very good plan. He told the monks to make some candles, and measured them so that three would just last for twenty-four hours. But, sad to say, the wind blew through the windows, for there was no glass, and the candles spluttered and burnt, sometimes quickly and sometimes slowly, and the time went all wrong.

Then Alfred had another idea. He had some pieces of horn cut very thin and made a sort of lantern, and after that his candles told him the time almost as well as a watch.

King Alfred never forgot his visit to Rome

when he was a little boy, and all the wonderful things he had seen, and he wanted his people to have lovely things too. So he taught them new trades and sent them out to other countries to see what happened there.

He sent messengers all the way to the Holy Land, and even to India, to take presents to the Christians there, and to bring back some of the riches of those far-off lands.

How surprised he would have been if he had been told that one day India would be part of the British Empire, and that the King of England would be Emperor of India as well!

You will hardly believe that this great king, who never stopped working and fighting and studying, all his life suffered the most terrible pain, for he had a strange illness that none of his doctors could understand or cure. And yet in all England no one worked harder than he did, and his work was not for himself but for his people. He knew that he was set over them by God, and he never thought of his own comfort or his own glory, but only of their good.

Before he died he wrote in his will: "All power is nothing without wisdom. Therefore have I desired wisdom. This I can truly say, that while I lived I have desired to live worthily and to leave

to those who come after me a remembrance of good works."

No wonder that his people loved him and called him "Alfred the Great" and "England's Darling."

MALCOLM CANMORE AND ST. MARGARET

After Alfred's death the Danes conquered England.
There were two Danish kings, Sweyn and his son Canute.
When Canute died there was an English king again.
He was called Edward the Confessor.
After him Harold was made king.
William, Duke of Normandy, invaded England.
There was a great battle at Hastings.
Harold was killed and William of Normandy became king of England.
The real heir, Edgar the Atheling, fled to Scotland with his sister Margaret.

HUNDREDS of years ago there was a king of Scotland called Malcolm. How exciting it would be if we could take a big jump back and see what Scotland was like in those days!

Harold's last stand at Senlac.

The English are armed with swords and battle axes, while the Normans have bows and arrows, and their horsemen lances. Harold has been pierced by an arrow in the eye, and is falling dead.

(*Reduced from Longmans' "Historical Wall Pictures."*)

We should find the same beautiful mountains and rivers, but there would be no fine towns with big houses and streets full of trams and motors; and there would be no coal mines and factories, or yellow cornfields and smooth wide roads.

Instead of this there would be miles and miles of forest and rough moors, and every now and then a strong tower or fort with a few poor little houses tucked close beside it for protection. And the people we met would be very fierce and wild with shaggy hair and rough clothes.

They had no comforts and nothing to amuse them in their own homes, so all day long they would be out hunting or fighting. Either they would be killing the wild beasts—wolves and wild boars that lived in the forests—or they would be fighting with each other.

But every now and then they would have to make peace with each other and all join together to drive off the savage Danes and Northmen who kept landing on their shores and burning everything they could find.

So all they cared for was to be strong and brave, and whoever was king over them had to be the strongest and bravest of them all.

Now, King Malcolm was one of the greatest kings they had ever had, and they were proud to

obey him, and called him "Canmore," which means "Great Chief."

He was a huge big man and often fought cruel wars, but he was brave and generous too. There was one of his nobles who hated him and planned to kill him. King Malcolm could quite

The noble who wished to kill Malcolm asks forgiveness of him.

easily have punished him, but instead he asked him to go out hunting, and when they were quite alone in the midst of the forest, he said to the man: "I know you want to kill me! Draw your sword now and let us fight it out man to man."

The noble was so ashamed that he fell on his knees and begged the king's pardon and loved

him dearly ever after. King Malcolm made his enemies fear him and drove them out of the country, so that in his reign Scotland began to be a better place to live in, and it became one kingdom with the same shape that it has on the map to-day.

How St. Margaret and her family arrived in Scotland.

But the great changes that took place were not all because of his wars. Many of them were brought about, as we shall see, by the goodness and cleverness of the beautiful English princess he chose to be his wife.

One day a fearful storm was raging. King

Malcolm was sitting in his tower at Dunfermline when suddenly a messenger rushed in to say that a little ship had been driven ashore with an English prince and his mother and two sisters. They had escaped from England where William of Normandy had just won the battle of Hastings and made himself king.

Malcolm sent some of his nobles to meet them and brought them to his tower and took care of them. The eldest of the two princesses was called Margaret. Malcolm could hardly take his eyes off her. She was so beautiful with her bright sunny face and long fair hair and silken clothes. Soon he began to love her very much, and after a time he asked her to be his wife.

She was very clever too. She could read Latin and English, which was thought wonderful in those days, when there were so few books to learn from. She could sew and do the most lovely embroideries ; but best of all, she was good and loved God more than anything in the world.

In fact she wanted to give her life to Him altogether and be a nun, but she soon saw that that was not what He wanted, and that she could do more for Him by marrying Malcolm and becoming Queen of Scotland.

The king was very happy and could hardly

believe that any one so good and gentle could be content to marry him and share his rough life. It certainly must have been a great change for Princess Margaret, who had been brought up in the court in Hungary and then in England, where even in those days people knew how to make life much more comfortable and beautiful than in Scotland.

But Margaret loved her big brave husband, and bit by bit his rude manners softened, and by watching her he grew gentle and pious too.

Bishop Turgot, who wrote her life, tells us that: "Seeing that Christ dwelt in the heart of the queen, he was always ready to follow her counsel, and what she disliked, he disliked, and what she loved he loved for the love of her. . . ." When he found that she used often to get up in the middle of the night to say her prayers, he would steal into the church and kneel beside her.

He could never learn to read himself, but he was very proud that Margaret should be so clever, and he would kiss her prayer-books, and sometimes one of them would disappear, and poor Margaret would think it was lost; but after a few days he would bring it back to her with a lovely new binding covered with gold and jewels.

The Scotch soon grew to love their new queen

who was always thinking what she could do to make them better and happier. She saw that the best way to make them less wild and savage would be to show them how to make their homes more comfortable, and to teach them to like beautiful things.

So she got merchants to come from abroad and to bring grand new stuffs for clothes and hangings. Soon the people came to like these new ideas, and trades began to grow up with other countries, and the Scotch began to take interest and to think about what was happening in the rest of the world, instead of only fighting with each other.

In those days none of the houses had glass windows. There were just holes in the walls and the birds could fly in and out all day long. Queen Margaret got some panes of glass, very thick and clumsy, but they were the first that had come to Scotland, and you may guess how astonished the people were to see them. The king and queen were very proud of their window-panes and took them with them to their different castles with the rest of their luggage.

Poor Queen Margaret had great trouble in teaching her wild subjects to behave themselves. Even the great nobles and courtiers had no better manners than badly brought up children. They

"Although he could not read, he would turn over and examine her books, and kiss those which he liked best."

(*From Lang's "Book of Saints and Heroes."*)

would gobble up their dinner and rush off without waiting for grace, or even to see if the king and queen had finished.

Queen Margaret institutes the Grace Cup.

Margaret did not scold them, but one day she asked them all to wait, and when grace had been said she sent round a cup of her own wine and

asked them all to drink her health. They soon learnt the lesson, and for a long time after that the "Grace Cup" was always handed round at the end of a feast.

The king and queen lived part of the time at Dunfermline and part of the time in Edinburgh Castle, and the place where they had to cross over the Firth of Forth on their way from one to the other is still called Queensferry after St. Margaret. How surprised she would have been when she was being tossed about in her little rowing boat on the sea if she could have seen the famous Forth Bridge with all the trains running backwards and forwards over it!

Sometimes Malcolm and Margaret would pay a visit to some other part of their kingdom. Instead of going in a comfortable train or motor they had to ride on horseback along rough roads and they often had exciting adventures.

Once the queen was nearly drowned. There was a young man called Bartolph, who was a friend of the king's, and she was riding on his horse behind him. They came to a river which was very wide and deep, for it had been raining hard. Bartolph said it would be dangerous to try to get across; but the queen was not a bit frightened and told him to go on. So to make

sure, he put a big belt round her and fastened it to one of his buckles, and then he rode his horse into the water.

On they went, and the water got deeper and

"Grip fast! We'll win owre yet!" "Gin the buckle bide!"

deeper till the horse could hardly stand, and Margaret would have been washed off its back but for Bartolph's belt. The river was raging round them and Bartolph called out to encourage her: "Grip fast! We'll win owre yet!" And

Queen Margaret called back: "Gin the buckle bide!"

Margaret was not content with just teaching the people to have good manners and better homes. She knew that these things would not help them much unless they were really good and loved God.

You know how St. Ninian, and St. Kentigern and St. Columba had come long before and preached the Gospel to the people of Scotland and made them Christians, and you remember how they built churches and monasteries all over the country.

But after that the savage Danes and Norsemen came and burnt down the churches and killed a great many of the priests and monks. So though the people were still Christians, they were very ignorant and had fallen into all sorts of bad habits. Queen Margaret asked the king to call a meeting of some of the priests.

They could not talk English, and she could not talk their language, which was Gaelic; but Malcolm had been brought up in England and could understand them both, so he translated all they said. The queen spoke so wisely that they could not help listening to her, and at last they agreed to give up their wrong ways.

Another thing St. Margaret did was to build new churches: one at her home at Dunfermline, and another wee little one on the Castle rock in Edinburgh. It was so strongly built that it is still there, and you can go and see it looking just as it did then.

Then she built up the monastery of St. Columba on Iona which had been burnt down by the Danes. She even thought about her dear Scottish people when they went to far-off Rome to see the Pope, for she and Malcolm founded a house there for the pilgrims to lodge in.

Besides all these things Queen Margaret had her own home to take care of. She and Malcolm had a great many children—six boys and two girls—and you may be sure they brought them up to love God and to be good and brave and kind.

One of the girls when she grew up married the King of England, and the people were so fond of her that they called her Good Queen Maud. Three of the boys, Edgar, Alexander, and David, were one after the other kings of Scotland. They were all good kings, but the best of them all was David, who was one of the greatest kings Scotland ever had and a saint like his mother as well.

Of all her subjects St. Margaret loved none so well as the poor and the sick. Turgot says that

when she rode out " crowds of poor people flocked to her as they would have done to a most loving mother, and none of them went away without being comforted."

Often the king would bring back English prisoners from his wars, and Margaret would be sad for her poor countrymen, and would buy them back and set them free. Malcolm always let her do as she liked.

Sometimes, when she had spent all her own money, she would pretend to steal some of his. He would be hiding near by and would jump out and catch her and say she must go to prison. But it was only fun, and before he let her go he would take a heap of gold pieces in his huge big hand that held much more than both her little ones, and give them all to her to give away.

You might think that it was very easy for St. Margaret to be good when she was such a great queen and everybody loved her so much, but when we read about the way she lived and how she fasted and begged God to help her, we see that it was only because she trusted in Him and never thought of herself, that she was able to be so holy and bring so many blessings on her country.

She hardly went to bed at all. Very early in the morning she got up to say her prayers. Then

How St. Margaret ransomed poor prisoners.

she went to feed nine poor little orphan babies, and after that she and the king went into a big hall where three hundred poor people were waiting for their breakfast.

They made them sit down and waited on them.

How St. Margaret fed the orphan babies before her breakfast.

You would think that by this time Queen Margaret wanted her own breakfast, but instead she went back to church to hear Mass. Sometimes she stayed for hours. Turgot says that "when she went to church she went simply to pray. Only her body was here below. Her spirit was near to God." Even when she had finished all her prayers

she did not think about her own breakfast till she had waited on twenty-four other poor people who always lived with her. No wonder that at last her poor body got worn out and she fell ill.

Just then another of the cruel wars she hated so much broke out with England. She begged Malcolm not to go; but he said he must fight for the honour of Scotland. His two eldest boys, called Edward and Edgar, said they were grown up and must go and help their father too. So they all went away with the army, and Queen Margaret stayed behind in Edinburgh Castle, and grew more and more ill and more and more sad. She felt sure some dreadful thing was going to happen.

One day she said: "Perhaps this very day a great evil will befall this country such as has not happened for many ages past." Her children and her people were very unhappy, for they saw that she could not live much longer, and still there was no word from Malcolm or the army. Then as they looked out, they saw Prince Edgar riding up to the Castle and they were all afraid, for they could see that he brought bad news.

He went straight in to his mother, and when he knew that she was dying he could not speak. He knelt by her bed and she whispered to him:

"How are your father and your brother?" He did not dare to tell her, so he answered: "They are well." "I know it," she said, and then begged him to tell her the truth, and poor Edgar had to say that both of them had been killed.

Prince Edgar brings the news of Malcolm's and Edward's death to Queen Margaret.

What terrible news for St. Margaret! And how sad for her to think of leaving her little children without any father and her poor people with only a young boy to be their king! But she knew that God could take care of them and she only thanked Him for sending her this great sorrow, and then most peacefully she died.

They carried her body to her church at Dunfermline and there they buried her, and a beautiful shrine was built over her grave. Soon the people began to flock in from all sides to pray beside her. For hundreds of years they came, until in the days of the Reformation men pulled down the church and burnt the shrine. Her body was taken away and no one knows where it is.

SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

There were four Norman kings of England.
William I., the Conqueror.
William II., Rufus, or the Red.
Henry I.
Stephen I.
Matilda, daughter of Henry I., fought with Stephen for the crown.
They agreed at last that her son should be king when Stephen died.
His name was Henry II. He was a great and strong king.

THERE was once a king of England called Henry II. He was a great man, for, besides being king of England, he ruled over half of France as well. He was very strong and worked so hard that his

followers were often quite tired out. They were very much afraid of him because he had such a fearful temper. Generally he kept it in, but sometimes it burst out, and then he would roll on the floor and tear things with his teeth in his rage. He was clever and learned and liked to have clever people near him.

Now there was a man in the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury called Thomas à Becket. He was a deacon, but had not yet been made a priest. Henry saw that he was wise and clever and had great thoughts, so he made him his Chancellor and set him over all his kingdom.

Thomas was very tall and handsome and very generous, and when he was made Chancellor he did all he could for the glory of his master and his country. Never was anything so grand as the way in which he lived. The king himself could hardly come up to it. He dressed so finely and his feasts were so splendid that people crowded to see him.

It sounds funny to us to hear that he was always careful to have plenty of clean straw and rushes on the floor of his big dining-hall, so that when there was no room for all his visitors at the table, they could sit on the ground without spoiling their fine clothes.

The king and his Chancellor grew to love each other very dearly, and when all their work was done they would often laugh and joke together.

Sometimes Henry would ride in on his horse to the great hall where Thomas was at dinner and, leaping over the table, would sit down beside him and drink his health. One day when they were out riding they saw a poor ragged old man.

Henry pulls off Thomas's new cloak to give to the ragged old man.

"Look," said the king, "would it not be a good act to give that poor man a cloak?"

"Yes, indeed," said Thomas, quite pleased to see the king so kind.

"Then you shall have the merit of it," cried Henry, and caught hold of the beautiful, new red cloak the Chancellor was wearing. Thomas held tight on to it and they had a real tug of war till

they nearly pulled each other off their horses while all their people enjoyed the fun. Of course, in the end Thomas had to give way and the old man went off in high glee with the cloak.

Soldiers of the period.

King Henry sent his Chancellor over to France to arrange about the marriage of his little son of five years old to the baby daughter of the French king. Thomas started off with hundreds of followers in six ships, and when they landed in France, the people stared to see the rows and rows

of waggons and horses they had brought with them. Under each waggon was chained a huge dog, and on each horse sat a monkey.

One cart held all the things for a chapel, and another everything for the kitchen. Some were laden with casks of wine and others with clothes and rich stuffs to be given away as presents. No wonder the French cried out: "If the Chancellor of England is so grand, what must his master the king be like?"

Then when King Henry went to war, Thomas rode out at the head of seven hundred armed knights and showed that he could be as good at fighting as at anything else. So faithfully he served his king.

But though he lived in the midst of riches and seemed to lead such a worldly life, all this time his heart was really set on God. Half his nights were spent in penances and prayer, and he had two great loves which kept him safe. One was his love for Our Lady, and the other was for the poor. Then, one day, something happened, and all his way of life was changed.

You know that people are made up of two parts, their bodies and their souls. Now we all belong to some earthly kingdom or country which makes laws and tells us how to live our lives in

this world. But besides this, there is another kingdom to which we belong which teaches us how to take care of our souls and to get ready for our life in the next world.

This is the kingdom Our Lord came on the earth to found, and which He called His Church. And strange to say, there has always been a war going on between these two kingdoms; for the kings of this world, instead of being content to look after the earthly part of their people's lives, have over and over again tried to interfere with the life of their souls as well. And so the popes and the bishops whom Our Lord put to rule His Church had always to say: "No! You must leave the souls of men free to serve God in the way He said."

One of the most famous fights in this long war was the one that took place between King Henry II. of England and Thomas à Becket.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the head of the Church in England under the Pope, died, Thomas, the great Chancellor, was chosen Archbishop in his place.

Henry was delighted, for he thought that if his faithful servant was both Chancellor and Archbishop he would be able to make him do whatever he liked. But he soon found he had

made a big mistake. While he was Chancellor, Thomas had done his best to serve the earthly king who was his master, but now that he was Archbishop he knew that he could never have any other master but God.

Thomas washes the feet of beggars.

So when the bishop who was consecrating him said, "My dearest Brother, I give you now the choice of two things: beyond doubt you must lose the favour of an earthly or of a Heavenly King," the new Archbishop, looking up to Heaven, answered, "By God's help I have made my

choice. Never for the love and favour of an earthly king will I give up the grace of the King of Heaven."

The first thing he did was to give up his proud place as Chancellor and to change all his way of life. His smart clothes were given away and he dressed like a simple priest, and as a penance he wore a rough hair shirt next his skin. He lived with his monks, and what time he could spare from his work he spent in prayer and in serving the poor, washing their feet and feeding them.

At first King Henry could not understand the change that had come over his friend, but when he found that Thomas would no longer do just as he wished he grew very angry and a long sad fight began between them.

Once the king turned on the Archbishop and said to him : " I raised you from nothing and yet you disobey me."

" St. Peter, too, was raised from nothing, sire," said St. Thomas, " and yet he ruled the Church."

" Yes," answered Henry ; " but Peter died for his Lord."

" And I, too, will die for Him when the time comes," said Thomas.

"Then you will not give in to me?" cried the king.

"I will not, sire," answered the Archbishop.

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It would be too long and difficult to tell what all the trouble was about. First it was one thing and then another, and sometimes it seemed to be some little thing that was really hardly worth

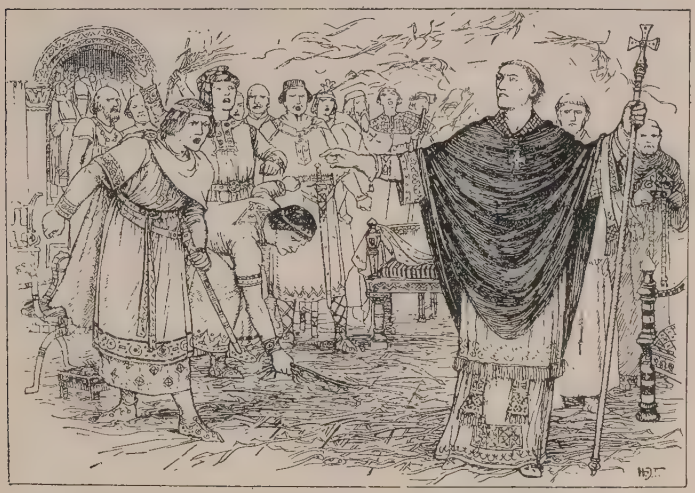
quarrelling over. But underneath it all was the old, old fight between Church and State; that is to say, the Kingdom of Our Lord and the kingdom of the earth. The more power Henry had over the bodies of his people, the more he wanted to have power over their souls too, and all the time the Archbishop stood firm and would not give way one inch of the rights of the Church he was there to guard.

King Henry called all the bishops and lords to a great meeting at Clarendon and told them they must promise to keep the laws which he called "the ancient customs of his kingdom."

At first St. Thomas would not promise, for he did not trust the king, but in the end he gave his word. Then he saw that Henry had played a trick on him, for when the laws were written out he found some new ones had been put in that no bishop could agree to. "By the Lord Almighty, no seal of mine shall touch them!" he cried.

The king was furious, and another council was called at Northampton. Thomas knew the king's anger, but he was not afraid. He went to Northampton and, after Mass, he walked into the council room still wearing his vestments and holding the great cross that was generally carried in front of an archbishop in his own hands.

The king and his nobles burst out with rude words and angry threats, but St. Thomas sat still, calmly holding his cross. Then Henry went out with his barons and presently the Earl of Leicester came back and called out to the Archbishop to hear their judgment.



The Archbishop leaves the council at Northampton.

Then up stood St. Thomas and said: "Son and Earl, first hear *me!* As the soul is worth more than the body, so you are bound to obey God and me more than your earthly king. You cannot judge me, for you are my children in God, and children cannot judge their fathers. I will be judged by the Pope alone to whom, before you

all, I appeal. And so, guarded by the authority of the Catholic Church and the Holy See, I go hence." And with that he turned and walked out of the room, still carrying his cross before him.

That night, in the dark and pouring rain, four men slipped out of Northampton. They were dressed as monks, and one, who was a whole head taller than the rest, was called Brother Christian. They had a long, hard journey and went through many dangers on the way, hiding first in one place and then in another, till at last they reached the sea and crossed over into France.

Even here they had to be very careful, for they had enemies everywhere who were trying to catch them. Once poor Brother Christian was so tired that he said he could go no further, so he sat by the road till some one found a little donkey for him to ride, but they had no saddle and he soon found that after all it was better to walk.

Another time they were going to stay with some poor hermits, and wondered whether there would be anything for them to eat. While they sat by the side of the river talking, a great fish suddenly jumped out of the water right into Brother Christian's lap, which made them all laugh very much.

In another place where they put up for the

night, the man of the house stared for a long time at Brother Christian and then said: "My lord, I thank God you are come into this house."

"Why," said the Brother, "what do you mean? Am I not just Brother Christian?"

"Whatever you may be called," answered the man, "I know that you are the Archbishop of Canterbury." And so indeed he was!

At last they came to the Pope, whose name was Alexander III. St. Thomas told him all his story and then offered to give up being Archbishop of Canterbury; but the Pope would not let him, and told him to stay in France till Henry was willing to make peace. The French king, Louis VII., took his part, so St. Thomas went and lived with some monks, sharing their hard life and spending all his time in prayer and study.

You may well think how angry King Henry was when he found that the Archbishop had got away. He seized his goods and, to punish him still more, he drove all his relations and friends, four hundred of them, out of the country and made them promise to go and tell St. Thomas what trouble he had brought upon them. Poor St. Thomas! It nearly broke his heart to see their misery and to know that all their suffering was because of him, and yet he could do nothing to

help them, for he was fighting for the Church and could not give in.

After two years he had to leave his quiet home with the kind monks. As he said "good-bye" the abbot asked him why he was so sad. Then the Archbishop told him of a vision he had had the night before. He seemed to be in a great church, he said, fighting for the cause of the Pope, when in rushed four armed men who fell upon him, and one of them cut off the top part of his head where a bishop is anointed at his consecration. And St. Thomas had understood that this was what would one day be done to himself.

For six long years the fight went on, and he stayed first in one place and then in another. All the time cardinals and bishops and other messengers were going backwards and forwards between the Pope and the King and the Archbishop, trying to find some way of making peace. They said the very roads were worn out by all their feet, but no peace could be made because Henry said that St. Thomas must either promise to do what he wanted or give up being Archbishop, and neither of these things could St. Thomas do.

The sad part is that many of the English bishops, who should have stood by their Head, went over to the other side for fear of the king's

anger, and St. Thomas was left almost alone. Even the French king was talked round by Henry for a time.

Then came the hardest blow of all, when it seemed as if Pope Alexander himself was beginning to turn against him and to believe in Henry's promises. It nearly broke St. Thomas's heart. "Oh, my Father, my soul is in bitterness," he wrote in a long, sad letter to the Pope.

But soon Alexander saw that St. Thomas was quite right and that Henry could not be trusted. And then King Louis sent for the Archbishop and, falling at his feet, cried out: "Forgive me, my Father. You alone had clear sight and we were blind. I offer myself and my kingdom to God and to you, and as long as I live I will not fail you and yours."

At last St. Thomas saw that it was no use having patience any longer, and he wrote to excommunicate the bad bishops and people who had fought on the king's side against him.

To excommunicate a man was a most terrible punishment, for it meant that he was driven out of the Church and could not go to Mass or the Sacraments. No good Catholic would have anything to do with him, and if he were a king his people need no longer obey him. Another fearful

punishment which the popes and bishops sometimes used was to put a country under an interdict, as it was called.

When this was done all the churches had to be shut; no Mass could be said and no Sacraments given, except baptism for babies and the Last Sacraments for the dying. Now, when St. Thomas said that this was what he meant to do, Henry was really frightened, and saw that this time he must make peace.

He met the Archbishop and promised to let him go back to England and to be friends with him once more, and it seemed as if the long fight were truly at an end. But still Henry would not give him the Kiss of Peace, which was the sign that he really meant peace in his heart, and King Louis and St. Thomas's other friends begged him not to go back to England, for they did not believe in Henry's word.

Thomas knew the king better than any of them, for long ago he had been his friend, and he knew quite well what was going to happen. He told the Bishop of Paris he was going to England to die, but once Henry had said he might go back he could not stay away from his people any more.

When his boat reached the shore he found a mighty crowd waiting for him, all wild with joy

at seeing their Father once again. They flocked round him, singing: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," and spread their garments in the road before him. Men and women wept, and children shouted, and all the church bells rang out to welcome him, and so they carried him in triumph to Canterbury. But when he came to the city he took off his shoes and walked barefoot through the streets into his own beautiful cathedral. There he preached a sermon, and the words he chose to preach from were: "We have here no abiding city, but we seek one that is to come."

The people of England were full of gladness, but very soon it was seen how little Henry's peace really meant. He had stayed in France, and one after the other the bad people who had been excommunicated and who hated the Archbishop, went to lay their complaints before him. He was always ready to listen to their stories and grew more and more angry, until one day he flew into one of his terrible rages and called out:

"Is there no one among you, cowards that you are, who will rid me of this troublesome priest?"

That night four of his knights slipped away and crossed over into England.

It was Christmas-time, and St. Thomas had

kept the feast in his own home at Canterbury. He knew the end of his long fight was near, but he was not afraid. Two days later he said the office with his monks at midnight, and then went and stood looking for a long, long time out of the window into the silent night. After Mass he went to Confession. At dinner-time his friends noticed how happy he looked. He smiled and said: "A man should be cheerful who goes to his master."

Suddenly a servant rushed in to say that four of the king's knights were outside. They came in and began to say all sorts of rude and angry things, and when they saw that St. Thomas was not afraid they grew more wild and gnashed their teeth and shouted in their rage. The Archbishop calmly said: "I know that you have come to kill me, but I make God my shield. Once I fled away, but I have come back by the order of the Pope, and I will not leave again. You will find me foot to foot against you in the battle of the Lord." At that the four knights rushed out of the room in fury, calling out: "To arms! To arms! The king's men, the king's men." Then all was terror and confusion. Some shouted one thing, some another. St. Thomas's friends dragged him into the cathedral where the monks were saying their office.

They tried to shut the doors, but the Archbishop forbad them, crying: "You cowards, I bid you not to close the door. A church is not

The murder of Becket.

a castle." Then came the sound of arms. The monks fled in terror and hid in the corners of the great dark church. In rushed the knights with swords and axes, shouting: "Where is the

Archbishop? Where is the traitor?" St. Thomas stepped forward in the dim light and answered: "Here I am, the Archbishop, but no traitor."

Then they fell upon him. They struck him on the head, and as he wiped away the blood he said: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." At the second blow he stretched out his hands and fell flat on his face before the altar, whispering: "For the name of Jesus, and in defence of the Church, I die." And then with a mighty stroke one of the knights cut right through the top of his head just as he had seen in the vision long ago.

"Let us go," cried the knights. "The traitor is dead. He will rise no more."

So the long fight ended, and it seemed as if the earthly king had triumphed over the Kingdom of Our Lord, for the great defender of the Church was dead. And yet, how wonderful! Bit by bit it was seen that after all it was St. Thomas who had won the victory, and the way he had won it was by giving up his life.

When the terrible news became known the whole world stood still in horror. King Henry was terrified at what he had done. He swore he had not meant it, and did long and bitter penance for his sin. Pope Alexander shut himself up for eight days and would see no one in his sorrow.

For a whole year the great cathedral of Canterbury stood sad and empty as a sign of mourning for the awful deed that had been done on the very steps of her altar.

But all the time the fame of the great Archbishop grew. People came to pray beside his body and stories were told of wonderful miracles. As the years went on more and more pilgrims came—kings and bishops and people in thousands upon thousands to ask his prayers and to lay their presents on his tomb.

So Canterbury became a famous place of pilgrimage until the sad days of the Reformation, when another King Henry stole all the gold and jewels for himself, and threw the holy relics to the winds. But still after all these hundreds of years St. Thomas is not forgotten, for year by year, on the day in Christmas week on which he died, every priest in the world says Mass in honour of the great martyr who gave his life for the Church of Our Lord.

THE CRUSADES

Henry II. had two sons, Richard and John.
They were both kings of England.
Richard was very brave. He was called the Lion Heart.

John was a bad man and a bad king.
His barons made him sign the Great Charter.
It drew up the laws of the land and the king had to keep them.

Ever since the time of Our Lord, Christians have had a great love for the Holy Land. They have always wanted to see the places where He lived and worked His miracles and was crucified.

Even in the early days, when travelling was very difficult and dangerous, hundreds of people used to make this long pilgrimage from all the Christian countries. Then a new religion was started in the East by a man called Mohammed. His followers were named Mohammedans after him, and they quickly spread and conquered the Holy Land.

At first they did not interfere much with the pilgrims, but after a time there came a much fiercer race called the Turks. They were Mohammedans too, and they ill-treated the pilgrims and put many of them to death. In fact, they hated the very name of Christian and vowed to conquer every Christian country.

The Emperor, who lived at Constantinople, grew frightened, for he saw that they were coming nearer and nearer and he could not keep them back.

So at last he wrote to the Pope and asked him to call on the rest of the Christians to come and help him. Now, at this time, the different countries of Europe were just beginning to take shape. All the heathen peoples who had invaded the Roman Empire long ago had been converted and were growing up into separate states, in the places where they had settled. But there was still a great deal of fighting and quarrelling going on about their boundaries, and the popes were always trying to make peace between them.

They were rough times, and people seemed to care for nothing much except fighting. Then, by degrees, there grew up what was called the Spirit of Chivalry. This meant that Religion and Honour and Loyalty were to be put before everything else. If men fought, they must fight for a good cause, to put down wrongs and to defend the weak. The highest honour a man could have was to be made a knight, and the boys thought of nothing else but of the great day when they would be old enough to do some noble deed and win their spurs, as it was called.

When the Pope, who was the Father of all these Christians, looked round the world it made him very sad. He saw Our Lord's own land being soaked in Christian blood, and the terrible Turks

coming nearer and nearer in the East. And here were all his children in Europe fighting and killing each other for no reason. So he thought what a splendid thing it would be if only they would all join together to drive back the Turks and free the Holy Land once more.

He held a great council at Clermont. Thousands and thousands of people were there, and as he spoke, a sudden fire seemed to be lighted in their hearts. With one voice they cried out: "Deus vult, Deus vult!" "God wills it, God wills it!" And one and all they put the linen cross over their shoulders and vowed to join in the Crusade. Like a mighty flame the cry spread throughout Christendom.

Nothing was talked of but the Holy War. Knights and nobles left their lands and castles and called out all their men. But the people would not wait till the armies could be got ready. Thousands started off on foot, with Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless. The journey was terribly long and they did not know the way. They had neither arms nor food and there were enemies on every side, so that when the real crusading armies followed them they found the roads all whitened with their bones.

We have not room here to tell the whole long

Richard Cœur de Lion's sight of Jerusalem.

(*Reduced from Longmans' "Historical Wall Pictures."*)

story of the Crusades: how the first Crusaders won back Jerusalem and set up a Christian

kingdom, and how Godfrey de Bouillon would not wear a golden crown in the place where Our Lord had worn a crown of thorns. How there grew up

the two famous Orders of the Templars and the Knights of St. John, who were both monks and

soldiers too. How St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade, and had to tear his very clothes up to make crosses for all the people.

How the old Emperor Frederick Redbeard was drowned on his way to the Holy Land. How good St. Louis led out his army for the second time and fell sick and died in Africa with the cry of "Jerusalem" on his lips. How the last prince to land on that holy soil was Prince Edward of England, who was nearly killed by a poisoned dagger, and how his faithful wife sucked the poison from the wound, so that he lived to become King Edward the First of England, "the Hammer of the Scots."

It is a wonderful story, the story of the Crusades. There were seven great expeditions in nearly two hundred years, and all that time a steady stream of brave men poured out from every Christian country to fight against the Turks. Some went to do penance for their sins, some from the love of fighting and adventure, but most of them went because they thought that to strike a blow for God and His Holy City was the noblest deed they could do. Millions of men laid down their lives, and the popes never tired of preaching the Holy War. How was it, then, that in the end the Christians were defeated and driven out of the land, so that for hundreds of years the Turks ruled in the country of Our Lord, till the British troops marched into Jerusalem a few years ago?

There were many difficulties. The Holy Land was a long way away, and most of the men who went out had to come back after a time to look

Leaving home, wife and children for the Crusade.

after their own homes and countries. Then they were not used to that hot climate, and thousands died of sickness. But the sad thing is that the greatest trouble of all was that the Christians

could not agree amongst themselves, and were always getting jealous and quarrelling with each other, instead of turning all their strength against their one enemy.

Yet, though in the end the Holy Land was lost, we cannot say that the Crusades were really a failure. For two hundred years the crusading armies stood like a wall against the savage Turks who, but for them, might have swept over the whole of Europe before the nations were strong enough to keep them back.

Then, too, in those rough troubled days the Holy War shone out like a great light to draw the Christian peoples together. Surely it was a high ideal that was put before them. Think of all these men leaving their dear ones, and their business, and their happy homes, ready to face so many difficulties and dangers, and all—for what? Not for riches, nor for their own pleasure, but just for the love of God and to save the country of Our Lord from the hands of His enemies.

Now we must tell you something more about the Third Crusade, which is the one in which our own country took the biggest part.

About one hundred years after the first Crusaders had won back Jerusalem, a new ruler rose up among the Turks. He was called Saladin,

and he defeated the Christians and conquered the Holy City once more. Then all Europe was stirred again, and kings and princes and nobles hastened to take the cross and vowed to join the Holy War.

The hero of this Crusade was the King of England, Richard of the Lion Heart. He and

Dromonds and galleys carrying Richard and the Crusaders to the Holy Land.

King Philip of France between them collected a huge army of over 100,000 men, the proudest army the Crusaders had ever seen. King Richard's fleet was a gorgeous sight as it sailed through the Mediterranean Sea.

The men were packed into great vessels called dromonds or busses, with bright-coloured sails

and streaming banners. When there was no wind they had to be driven along by rowers who led a cruel life, for they were chained to their oars. They were mostly prisoners of war and were called galley slaves. Then there were smaller ships called galleys, which were very swift and were used for fighting. During the night King Richard had a huge wax candle burning on his ship as a signal to the rest of his fleet. Once he chased a great Turkish dromond full of men and stores. Some of his ships rowed close up to her and held on with long hooks, while the men climbed on board and tried to kill the Turks. But they were driven off, and the king told his galleys to row as hard as they could against her, and their sharp beaks made such holes in her sides that she filled with water and sank, men and stores and all.

As soon as the Crusaders landed they fell upon their knees to kiss the holy ground. They found that for two years the Christians had been trying to take a town called Acre. It is said that over 120,000 men had been killed, or had died of sickness, fighting round it, and still they could not take it.

When Richard and Philip came they thought of all sorts of wonderful machines to batter down the huge thick walls. There was a thing they

called the Bad Neighbour, like a mighty catapult. Day and night it rained great stones against the walls, till at last they began to crumble away. Then the Crusaders would rush up to the attack. All the time the Turks poured down their arrows and darts and burning fire, so to protect themselves the Christians made little sheds covered with hides, which they pushed along on wheels.

Then, too, they built enormous wooden castles which they pushed close up to the city. They were made in storeys and on the top were bridges. When the walls began to break, down went the bridges and over rushed the Crusaders, in spite of all the Turks could do to stop them. At last the Turks could hold out no longer and Saladin had to give up the town.

It was a great victory, but at once there began the same sad old story. King Philip was jealous and cunning, and Richard was fiery and passionate, and quarrels soon arose. Then Philip gave up the great cause and went back to his own country, and one by one the other leaders fell away too.

Richard alone would not turn back, and he led his army on towards Jerusalem. Before them, on a cart, went the Standard of the Holy War, an enormous mast with a relic of the True Cross on the top. Every evening when they camped a cry

was made: "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and the whole army knelt down and said "Amen." "This was repeated three times," says the old writer, "with great contrition of heart and abundant weeping, and the army appeared much refreshed by crying out in this manner."

The Turks never left them a moment's peace. They would not meet them face to face in battle if they could help it, for they knew they would not have a chance against the Christians with their thick armour and their great war-horses. But on the march they swarmed round them like flies, suddenly attacking them and then rushing off again into the desert on their small swift horses. The Christians could do nothing against them.

The fiery sun burnt down on them, and their horses' feet sank deep in the dry sand under the weight of their heavy armour, and many of them fell sick and died of thirst and heat.

Never was there such a warrior as Richard of the Lion Heart. He was an immense man and nothing could stand before him when he charged on his good steed Flavel, wielding his mighty battle-axe that no one else could lift, and thundering out his cry of: "Aid us, O God, and the Holy Sepulchre!" "He carved himself a path among

the foemen," says the writer, "like a reaper with his sickle."

There are many stories of the wonderful deeds he did. Once he and his army were surprised by the Turks. The king charged right through the enemy with only ten of his knights. One of

King Richard wielding his battle-axe among the Saracens.

them fell, but Richard was there to save him. Another was taken prisoner, but the king rushed up and rescued him.

"He slew numbers with his battle-axe, which shone like lightning," says the historian. One of the Turks charged full against him, and with one

blow he struck off, not only the man's head, but his shoulder and arm as well. From sunrise to sunset he fought, and when he came out of the battle, he and his horse were stuck all over with darts and arrows.

Even his enemies could not help admiring him. When his horse was killed in the middle of the battle, Saladin's brother sent him a present of another. Afterwards Saladin scolded his men for letting themselves be beaten, but they said that Malech Ric, as they called King Richard, was not like other men. "We have never heard, since the beginning of the world, that there was ever such a knight. No one can escape his sword. His deeds are beyond human nature."

His very name became a terror to his enemies. A French writer says: "For years afterwards, when their horses started at a shadow, they would say, 'How now, dost thou see Malech Ric?' And mothers would rock their babes to sleep, saying: 'Hush, or I will give thee to Malech Ric!'"

And yet all his courage and all his fighting could not win back the Holy City. Once his army came very near to Jerusalem, and we are told that "they were delighted as a bird at dawn, and with hands lifted up to Heaven, they prayed thus:

'O God, we adore and thank Thee that we shall soon see Thy city of Jerusalem.'" But oh, how sad! Many of them fell sick and the old quarrels arose, and they turned back once again. One of the king's knights said to him: "Sire, sire, come hither and I will show thee Jerusalem." But when the king heard these words he cast his coat of arms before his eyes, and he wept there as he called upon the Lord: "Fair Lord God, I pray Thee not to let me see Thy Holy City if so be I may not deliver it from the hands of Thy enemies."

Then there came bad news from England. He heard that things were going wrong there and he was wanted back at home. His great army had dwindled away and he himself fell sick, and so at last he made a truce for three years with the Turks. Saladin promised to let the pilgrims visit the holy places again undisturbed. But Jerusalem was not won back, and when King Richard left the Holy Land the Christians sent up a great cry of grief: "Oh, Jerusalem," they said, "thou art indeed helpless, now that King Richard is away."

Sadly he went on board his ship. "All night long the vessel went on its course by starlight, till, as the morning broke, the king, looking back with pious eyes upon the land behind him, after long

meditation, broke out into prayer: 'Oh, Holy Land, to God I entrust thee. May He of His mercy grant me such space of life that by His good will I may bring thee aid, for it is my hope and intention to aid thee at some future time.'"

But he was never able to come back any more.

ALEXANDER III. OF SCOTLAND AND THE MAID OF NORWAY

Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret had three sons who were all kings of Scotland.
David I., who ruled last, was the most famous. He was so good that the Scots called him "the Saint."
William the Lion was the grandson of David I.
The next great king of Scotland was Alexander III., the grandson of William the Lion.

THERE is an old saying: "Woe to the kingdom whose king is a child," and never has it come so true as in the history of Scotland. The Scotch were a wild, rough people, always ready to fight and quarrel with each other, and the only chance of peace was when there was a king strong enough to rule them and make them obey the laws.

But, time after time, it happened that the king died, or was killed, and there was no one to come after him but a tiny child. Then some one had to look after the affairs of the country till the little king was old enough to see to things for himself, and of course all the great nobles grew jealous of each other and fought and quarrelled all the more.

When Alexander III. became king of Scotland he was only eight years old. At that time Edinburgh was not the capital of the country as it is now, and the kings were crowned at Scone on the famous Stone of Destiny.

This stone has a strange story. It is supposed to be the very one Jacob used as a pillow the night he dreamt of all the angels climbing up and down to heaven on a ladder. It was said that Pharoe's daughter brought the stone to Scotland, and that she became the mother of the long line of Scottish kings.

Little Alexander was dressed in all the royal robes and the great sword of state was buckled round his waist. Then the Bishop of St. Andrew's lifted him on to the Stone of Destiny and put the crown of Scotland on his head, while the nobles laid their garments under his feet.

As he sat there holding the big sceptre in his

tiny hand and with his little face almost hidden under the heavy crown, an old Highland bard (or poet) came and bowed low before him. He had a long white beard and was dressed in a scarlet cloak, and he hailed the new king, saying: "Hail, Alexander, King of Albion [that was the Highland name for Scotland], son of Alexander, son of William, son of Henry, son of David," and so on all through his forefathers, back to the man who was supposed to have married Pharoe's daughter.

Little did any one think that this boy was the last king who would be crowned in Scotland on that famous stone.

One of the first things Alexander did was to take part in a great feast in honour of St. Margaret, the good queen who had done so much for her people. A big procession was made at Dunfermline to carry her body to a beautiful new shrine which had been built for it.

A pretty story is told of what happened. As they walked along, the men who were carrying the coffin suddenly found it had grown so heavy they could go no further. Do what they would, they could not move it. What did it mean? Then out spoke an old, old monk, who told them they were passing the place where King Malcolm was buried, and that, as St. Margaret had shared

his honours in this life, so she wanted him to share the honour that was being done to her now. Quickly they took up the body of Malcolm and laid it beside his wife, and then the procession

The marriage of little Alexander to Princess Margaret.

went on, and St. Margaret and the dear husband she had loved so much were laid side by side in the same grave.

When Alexander was ten years old, his people

thought it was time he had a wife, and it was arranged that he should marry Princess Margaret, the daughter of Henry III. of England. So the King of Scotland and the King of England and all their lords and ladies went to York at Christmas-time.

First, Alexander was made a knight, which was a high honour and must have made him very proud, and after that the little boy and girl were married. There was great joy and feasting.

The old writer says it is no use trying to tell us of all the fine clothes they wore, and the good things they ate and drank, because we could never believe him, but he says that sixty fat oxen were killed for one part of the feast alone! And all this to do honour to a little bride and bridegroom of only ten years old!

When it was over the young king and queen went back to Scotland, and no doubt had to begin their lessons again, just like any other boy and girl. Poor little Queen Margaret does not seem to have enjoyed her life at all. She said Edinburgh Castle was a sad, dull place, with no grass or trees, and she could not even choose whom she would like to play with.

The next few years were a hard, troubled time for Scotland. The great lords fought among

themselves ; the poor had no one to care for them or do them justice ; the laws were broken and no trade could be carried on, and there was neither peace nor order in all the land.

But at last Alexander grew old enough to rule for himself, and then he showed that he was both wise and strong. He kept his nobles in order and saw that the laws were obeyed, and Scotland soon began to grow happy and contented once again. There was only one war fought in all his reign, and that you must now hear about.

If you look at the map, you will see that there are a great many islands on the north and all round the west coast of Scotland. You remember in the story of King Alfred, how the savage Danes and Northmen were such a terror to the people ; how they came in their long boats and burnt and killed wherever they went. They sailed right round Scotland, settling in different places, and conquered the islands altogether.

By the time of Alexander, most of the mainland had been won back, and he was king over the whole of Scotland, but the islands still belonged to the kings of Norway.

The Northmen had become Christians and were no longer quite so wild and savage as in the days of King Alfred, but they were still a very warlike

people and a great danger to Scotland. The islands were a splendid hiding-place, and the king never knew what mischief his enemies might be planning there.

So the first thing Alexander thought of doing when he grew up was to bring these islands under his own rule. He sent messengers to Haco, the king of Norway, to see if they could not come to some peaceful arrangement about it. But Haco was a proud old warrior, as full of daring as any of his Viking forefathers, and of course he would hear of no such thing. Then came word from the islands that they were being attacked by some of the Scottish chiefs, and begging him to come and help them.

Haco was furious. He gathered a mighty fleet, one hundred and sixty great long galleys with golden dragons at their prows. "Hawks of the Seagull's track," the Norwegian poet calls them. Haco's own ship was made all of oak and fitted with twenty-seven banks of oars. It was the proudest fleet that had ever left the shore of Norway, and as it set out on its way, the king's bard sang his wild "Raven's Ode."

"The boisterous deep that guards this earth
Bore the ship of the protector of thrones
West from the streams of Gotalfa.

No terrifier of dragons guardians
Of the hoarded treasures
Ever beheld more numerous hosts.

. . . . . .

Our Sovereign, rich in the spoils of the sea snake's den,
Viewed the retiring haven
From the stern of his snorting steed
Adorned with ruddy gold."

They stopped in the Orkneys, and there a strange thing happened. The face of the sun grew black and darkness fell on the earth. Nowadays we know that this means that the moon has come between the sun and the earth, and we call it an eclipse; but the Norwegians did not understand these things, and thought some terrible thing was surely going to happen.

Still they went on, right round the north of Scotland. Some of them rowed up Loch Long and found that a little further inland there was a big lake called Loch Lomond. They thought it would be grand to sail on this lake and to raid all the country round. So they landed their ships and dragged them across the miles of land between Loch Lomond and the sea. King Haco and the rest of the fleet went on and rowed up the Clyde, spreading terror all the way.

What was King Alexander doing all this time? He had no ships to meet this mighty fleet, but

he called out the fighting men, and all Scotland prayed to God to save them, and to St. Margaret to help them.

It was getting late in the year, and Alexander knew that soon the stormy weather would begin, so he did his best to make delays. He sent messenger after messenger to Haco, who never guessed Alexander's wise plan.

Week after week slipped by, until the great gales began to blow. A terrific storm got up. The waves were like mountains, the wind roared, and the hail pelted down, till the Norwegians thought the witches were using their magic against them; but the Scotch were sure it was St. Margaret's prayers that were helping them.

One after another the great galleys were driven on shore and wrecked. They dashed into each other, and many were thrown on to the rocks and sank. In the morning all the Northmen who could land gathered on the shore to guard their poor broken ships.

Then from the high ground round about dashed Alexander and his men, and a great battle took place. Bravely the Norwegians fought, but they could not stand against the fury of the Scottish army, and the old writer tells us how: "they leaped back into their boats and perished. Their

companions called upon them to return and some returned, though few.

"One of the leaders leaped over two boats and into a third, and so escaped. Many boats went down and men were lost, and the rest of the

Alexander III. at the battle against Haco of Norway, at Largs.

Norwegians at last wheeled about towards the sea."

Back they sailed to Norway, and all the way the storm raged and ships were driven ashore and wrecked, so that only a handful of that mighty fleet got back to Orkney.

Here King Haco died. The shame of his defeat broke his proud old heart. When he felt he was

going to die, he went and prayed by the body of St. Magnus in the beautiful new cathedral that had just been built. As he lay sick, they read him the Bible and the lives of the Saints, and then the poor old king, still full of the proud spirit of his race, asked them to read him some of the great deeds of the Norwegian kings.

"And so at last," says the old writer, "Almighty God called King Haco out of this world." And after he was dead, "The Masters of the Lights stood with tapers in their hands, and the whole hall was illuminated. All the people came to see the body, and the king's countenance was as fair as if he were alive." So, to the wailing of the bards and the roar of the waves, the old Sea King was laid to rest.

The Battle of Largs broke the power of the Northmen for ever, and was the end of their rule in the Western Isles. Soon afterwards, Alexander made a treaty with Eric, the new King of Norway. They agreed that for a certain sum of money, Eric would give up the Isle of Man and all the islands off the west of Scotland to Alexander and promise not to interfere in them any more, but Orkney and Shetland he was to keep, and it was many years before they too became part of the kingdom of Scotland. The treaty was well kept, and some

time after Alexander gave his daughter Margaret to King Eric as his wife.

For the rest of Alexander's reign Scotland was at peace. There was not even a war with England, which was a very wonderful thing in those days. The people were happy and content. They loved Alexander and called him "The Peaceable King," and it really seemed as if at last Scotland would have a chance of settling down and becoming a strong and great kingdom.

But it was not to be. Alexander had three children, two sons, and Margaret, who was queen of Norway and who had one baby girl. And now, one after the other, they all three died and no one was left of all his family but one tiny grandchild, the little Maid of Norway.

A great sadness fell on the country and every one seemed to be waiting for some terrible thing to happen. People were frightened by fearful storms of thunder and lightning, though it was the middle of winter, and tales were whispered of ghosts and skeletons that had been seen.

Thomas the Rhymer, a famous poet, foretold that on a certain day "there would rise the sorest tempest and wind ever heard of in Scotland."

When the day came it was calm and lovely.

King Alexander was holding a council at Edinburgh Castle. Towards evening the wind began to blow. The king wanted to get back to Fife. His nobles begged him not to go, for it was late and would soon be dark and they saw the storm was coming. But he only laughed and asked if

When the nobles found the king he was quite dead.

they were afraid. They rode to Queensferry and crossed the Forth in a little boat, just where the great bridge stands now. By this time a fearful gale was raging, but they reached the other side in safety and got on their horses once again. It was so dark they could not see one another,

and the wind roared so loud that they could hardly hear each other call. There were no lamps to light the road and the guides lost their way. Suddenly a wild shout was heard. The king's horse had missed its footing and fallen right over the edge of the cliff on to the rocks beneath. When the nobles found their master, he was quite dead.

A great cry of sorrow went up from all Scotland. The good king was gone and only a baby girl was left to take his place.

Alexander had made the bishops and lords promise to take his grandchild as their queen, so now they sent messengers to Norway to ask her father to let her come to Scotland. King Eric did not want to part with his little daughter, for she was such a tiny child, but at last he had to let her go. A great ship was sent to fetch her, full of lovely presents and everything she could need, even toys and sweets to amuse her on the way. But they did not comfort her. It was a long, rough voyage ; she missed her kind home, and the poor wee thing fell sick. They landed in the Island of Orkney to see if she would get better, but she grew worse and worse, and at last the little lonely queen died in a strange land, halfway between her own home and her new kingdom.

When the news came to Scotland the people were very sad and grieved for the death of the Little Maid of Norway, as they fondly called her. And, indeed, they might well be sad, not only for her but for themselves and their country as well. A worse woe than ever had fallen on poor Scotland. She was left without any ruler. At once thirteen great nobles stepped forward and claimed the crown, and who was to decide between them ?

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE AND THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

After the death of Alexander III. several nobles thought they had a right to the crown of Scotland.
It was difficult to tell which had the best right.
Edward I., the son of Henry III., was king of England.
He was a great and strong king.
He had conquered Wales and wanted to conquer Scotland.
The Scots asked his advice, so he chose John Baliol, the weakest.

In old days, as you know, the island of Great Britain was not all one country, with the same

king and parliament to rule over it. England and Scotland were separate kingdoms, and for hundreds of years there was never any real peace between them.

Even when the two countries were not supposed to be at war, the Border chiefs would go on fighting

Scotch raiders on the Border.

with each other, just because they loved fighting better than anything in the world. There was a man called Froissart who lived in those days, and who wrote a famous history. He says: "When the English and Scotch meet, they fight without sparing, and lay on each other so long as sword and battle-axe will endure, until they be well

beaten, and then each party is so content with the other, that at their departing they will say courteously, God thank you."

Very often the Scotch would make raids across the Border into England. They rode on small, fast horses, and took nothing with them but their arms and a bag of oatmeal, with a little iron plate hanging from their saddle to cook it on.

When they were hungry they killed something, and as for pots and pans, they did not need any, for the old writer says: "They dressed the beasties in their skins." They swept the country bare, and then drove all the sheep and cattle they could find back before them into Scotland. The English used to say it was no use putting new roofs on to their churches and houses, for the Scots would only come and burn them again.

But the trouble was not all on the Scotch side. England was a bigger country, and as her kings became more powerful, they thought they would like to rule over Scotland as well. One of the greatest of the English kings was Edward I., and he longed more than anything to make the whole island of Great Britain into one kingdom.

At last a splendid chance was given him. You remember that, after the poor Little Maid of Norway died, thirteen people claimed the crown, and as

they could not settle which was the rightful king, they asked Edward to decide between them.

He was only too glad of this excuse to interfere with Scottish affairs, and the end of it was that he brought up his army and conquered the whole country. To show that he was truly master he carried off the famous Stone of Destiny and took it to Westminster Abbey, and there it is in the Coronation chair in which our kings sit to be crowned to the present day.

At first many of the Scots were quite ready to have Edward as their king, but when he tried to force his English laws upon them they grew very angry, and began to rise up against him.

A brave man called William Wallace put himself at their head, and the two armies met near Stirling. They were on opposite sides of the river and Wallace cleverly waited till half the English army had crossed over, and then he fell upon them and defeated them before the rest could come and save them.

King Edward soon brought up another army, and this time the Scotch were beaten and had to fly. Most of them gave in to the English king, but Wallace would never do so, and for seven years he stayed in hiding, always hoping that in time he would be able to free his country. In

the end he was betrayed by one of his own people, and Edward dragged him up to London, where he was cruelly put to death like a common traitor.

King Edward now thought he had conquered Scotland for good, when suddenly he heard that some one else had risen up and had had himself crowned king. He was so angry, that, as the old writer says: "Out of his wits he weel near went."

The new hero was called Robert Bruce, and he became one of the greatest of the Scottish kings. It would take a great book to tell of all his wonderful deeds, his fights, his escapes, and all the troubles he went through before he won the famous battle of Bannockburn, which made Scotland a free country for ever.

For years he wandered about with a few faithful friends hiding in caves and mountains, always being chased and followed by the English and often by spies and false Scotsmen, who were ready to betray him for a little gold. Often he was cold and hungry and tired, but he never lost heart. He thought he deserved all these sufferings for a very wicked deed he done when, in a fit of rage, he had killed one of his enemies in a church, on the very steps of the altar.

His friends loved him and were ready to follow

him to the death, for though he could be so fierce, he was kind and generous. Once he stopped his whole army for the sake of a poor washerwoman

How Robert Bruce stopped the advance of his army for the sake of a sick woman.

who was sick and begged not to be left behind. For a time the queen and some of her ladies shared his wanderings, and when he saw that they were tired and losing heart he would read to them and

tell them stories to cheer them on. One of his greatest friends was a young knight called the good Lord James Douglas, who was full of fun and loved this wild life of excitement and danger.

King Robert was a huge, big man, with short curly hair and a very cheerful face. He was a great fighter and very strong. Once he was attacked by three fierce Highlanders at once. While he was striking one with his sword, the second seized him by the leg and tried to pull him off his horse, but he made the beast jump forward and knocked the man down, and then he killed the third.

Another time he was chased by a band of two hundred men. It was a bright moonlight night, and he waited for them in a narrow pass, where only one could attack him at a time. The first man dashed up, and Bruce struck him a tremendous blow and then killed his horse, which fell and blocked up the pass. Another and another came, and each one he killed till their bodies made a wall in front of him. By this time his friends had come up and the rest of the men ran away.

Once his enemies tried to track him down with a bloodhound. They almost caught him, but he jumped into a river and waded up it for a long way,

till the dog lost the scent and he was able to get away.

Meanwhile the great King Edward, the "Hammer of the Scots," as he was called, was dead. Before he died he saw that all his work was being undone by Bruce, and he made his son promise that he would never rest until he had conquered Scotland once again.

But Edward II. was not a strong man like his father, and he liked amusing himself better than fighting, and so he let the months slip by, and all the time more and more men were joining Bruce, and one by one towns and castles were falling into his hands.

The castles in those days were very strong, with huge thick walls, and as there were no guns it was almost impossible to take them. There was a deep ditch full of water, called a moat, all round them, and when an enemy came the people would take their horses and cattle and plenty of food inside and draw up the bridge over the moat. Then they let down a big iron grating, called the portcullis, in front of the gateway, and no one could get in.

King Robert knew that he could never take these places by force, so he and his followers made some very clever plans. He had a nephew called

Randolph, who had made up his mind to win back Edinburgh Castle. As you know, it stands on a high rock, and it was very strongly guarded. One day a man told Randolph that he knew a way up the steepest side of the rock where the English would never expect to be attacked. Randolph got thirty men, and one pitch dark night they started out. They had to take ladders to help them over the wall at the top, and the path was so small and steep a cat could hardly have climbed it.

When they were halfway up they got a great fright. One of the English soldiers threw a stone from the top and called out: "Aha! I see you!" They thought they were found out, but they never stirred, and presently the soldier went away. He had only been playing a trick on his friends. Then they climbed on, and when they scrambled over the wall the English were too surprised to fight, and so the castle was won.

There was another strong castle at Linlithgow, and this is how it was taken. One day a man drove up with a cart full of hay. The porter let down the drawbridge and pulled up the portcullis to let the cart in. But in the middle of the gateway the driver stopped and called out: "Call all! Call all!" Suddenly from under the hay eight

armed men sprang out and others rushed up from outside. The English tried to shut the gate, but the cart was in the way, and they were soon killed and the castle taken.

At last the only place that still held out for England was Stirling Castle, and King Edward saw that it was time he remembered his promise to his father, or Scotland would be lost for good and all. He set to work to collect a huge army. He called together his nobles and told them to bring all their men. In they came, from England and Wales and Ireland and even from France. Knights in splendid armour, foot-soldiers with their spears, archers with their bows, and cavalry covered from head to foot with armour, the men and horses as well. There were workmen of all sorts, and carts upon carts of stores -tents and clothes and wine and food. Over one hundred and sixty of the carts were filled with poultry alone. And there were waggonloads of big stones and iron bullets for the great battering rams that were used instead of guns to knock down the walls of towns. Never before had so fine and proud an army been seen in England.

King Robert, you may be sure, had not been idle all this time. He, too, had sent out far and wide to collect his followers, but when they came

together he found he had hardly forty thousand men to face the great English army of over one hundred thousand. And worse still, they were badly armed and had no fine cavalry like the English. But he had one great advantage: he was able to choose his ground. He drew up his army on the Bannock Burn near Stirling. In

The fight between King Robert the Bruce and Sir Henry Bohun.

front was some marshy ground, which he dug full of holes, so that the English horses would not be able to charge over it. Then he waited.

It was a fast day, and all the army heard Mass and ate only bread and water. Next day the English came in sight, and the two armies spread themselves out in battle line.

As King Robert was riding in front of his men, an English knight called Sir Henry de Bohun galloped up on his great war-horse and called to him to fight, thinking he would kill him and end the war at one blow. Bruce was not fully armed and was only riding on a little pony. His men stood breathless, but as de Bohun thundered up, he turned his pony aside and, with one blow of his mighty battle-axe, he cut de Bohun's skull clean in two.

Then the king spoke to his men. He asked if they were ready to fight this great English army, and they all shouted "Yes." Then he told them to remember that the English were only fighting to conquer, but that they had a great cause, for they were fighting for their homes and for the freedom of their country.

Next morning they went to Confession and Communion. After Mass the Abbot of Inchaffray walked along the lines holding up a crucifix, and as he passed they all knelt down. The English king, who was sure he would win the battle, and who had been feasting all night with his men, laughed and said: "See, these Scots ask for mercy." "Yes," answered one of his knights, "but not from us. These men will win or die."

Then the great battle began. The famous English archers drew their bows and their arrows fell like rain, till the Scotch rode in among them. The English cavalry charged again and again,

The Abbot of Inchaffray walked along the lines of the Scottish army holding up a crucifix.

but their horses fell in the broken ground and they could not win through the Scottish spears.

All day long the battle raged, and men and horses charged and died. At last the English began to lose heart and the Scotch cried out: "They fail, they fail."

At that moment a wild shout was heard and up rushed a great troop of men, armed with sticks and knives and with blankets tied to tent-poles for banners. They were the servants and camp followers of the Scottish army, who could not bear to look on any longer, and, with one yell, they flung themselves into the fight.

It was too much for the English. The great army broke and turned, and then fled, leaving all their wonderful stores and baggage behind them. For miles the Scotch chased after them, killing them as they went and taking hundreds of prisoners. King Edward himself galloped for sixty miles till he came to Dunbar, where he found a little boat and so got away.

So ended Edward I.'s great plan for making Scotland part of his English kingdom. It was just his very attempts to conquer their country that drew the Scotch together and made them feel they were one people and had the right to choose their own king.

At last, when they saw that though he had been so terribly beaten, Edward II. still would not give up his claims, they wrote a letter to the Pope and asked him to take their side.

But it was not till Edward was dead and his son, another Edward, a boy of fourteen, became

king that a treaty could be made between the two countries. By this treaty Edward III. promised not to interfere any more in the affairs of Scotland, and as a sign of peace it was settled that his sister should marry King Robert's only son. So a great wedding took place at Berwick between little Princess Joanna, who was six years old, and wee Prince David of Scotland, who was only four.

King Robert had lived to see his great work done and his country free once more. And now, though he was not old, he was ill, and he knew he had not long to live, so he called his nobles round him and said he thanked God for giving him time to be sorry for his sins. Then he told them how he had vowed to go and fight in the Crusades, if ever his country was at peace, but now he saw that he could not do so, and he begged Douglas to take his heart and bury it in the Holy Land. Douglas promised, and Bruce said: "God be praised, now I can go in peace," and a few days later he died.

Then the good Lord James Douglas set out on his journey with his master's heart hung in a little casket round his neck. But he never reached the Holy Land, for on the way he stopped in Spain to fight the Moors. In the middle of the

battle he found himself cut off from all his friends, and he took Bruce's heart and threw it out in front of him as far as he could, crying: "On, noble heart, as thou wert wont. Douglas will follow thee or die." And then, as he tried to fight his way after it, he fell, covered with wounds. So Bruce's heart was brought back to his own country and buried in the abbey at Melrose.

JOAN THE MAID, AND THE END OF THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

The kings of England owned a good deal of land in France.

Edward III. wanted to be king of France as well as king of England.

France and England were at war for a hundred years.

Edward III. beat the French at Crecy and Poitiers.

Henry V. beat them at Agincourt and nearly conquered France.

Joan of Arc put heart into the French and saved her country.

By the end of the war England had no land left in France but Calais.

THERE was once a most terrible war between England and France. It began in the time of Edward III. and lasted for nearly a hundred years, and so it is called the Hundred Years' War.

King Edward said he had a right to the French throne, and he took his armies into France where he and his son, the famous Black Prince, won some splendid victories and conquered a great part of the country.

After they died the fighting stopped for a time, for the next two kings had enough to do looking after their own affairs at home.

Then came Henry V., one of the greatest soldier kings who ever lived. He, too, wanted to make himself king of France, and he led his army across the Channel and won the battle of Agincourt. The French were so badly beaten that they had to make peace. Their own king was mad, and they agreed that Henry should marry his daughter and rule in his name, and have the crown after his death.

It seemed as if France were really conquered at last. But by the time the poor mad French king died, Henry, the great soldier, was dead too, and on his throne sat a little baby of a few months old. Poor tiny baby king! What was he to do with two great kingdoms? His uncles had to

take his place, the Duke of Bedford in France, and the Duke of Gloucester in England, but all the laws were made in his name.

He was carried in procession, dressed in velvet robes, on a big horse, through the streets of London so that all the people might see and cheer him. He had two nurses to take care of him, and special leave had to be given them to whip him if he was naughty. But he was not often naughty, for he grew up a gentle little boy, who cared for books more than toys, and loved his prayers more than playing.

As soon as Henry V. died, the fighting in France began all over again, for, in spite of the treaty they had signed, a great many of the French took the part of their own king's son, the Dauphin Charles, who was, of course, their rightful ruler.

In all these wars against the English, France had one friend who was sure to help her, and that was Scotland. You have not forgotten the old quarrel which had gone on so long between the Scotch and English, and how they always took every chance they could of hurting each other. So whenever the Scotch saw that "their auld enemy of England" was busy fighting in France, they would pour across the Border and burn and steal everything they could find.

Not only that, but many of them went out to fight with the French army, and a great friendship grew up between the two countries. We can even see signs of it to this very day, for some of the words we still use, like "gigot" and "ashet," are really French words brought back by these soldiers all those hundreds of years ago.

Robert III. of Scotland wanted his son James to be brought up in France, where he would be safe from his enemies, and be able to learn much more than he could at home; but on his way he was caught by the English, who kept him prisoner and would not let him go.

This naturally made the Scots more angry than ever, and thousands of their bravest men went out to join the wars in France. The French people were not very polite about them, for they called them Winebags and Mutton Eaters, but the French kings trusted them so much that they made them their own special guard. Wherever the king went, his Scottish Guard went with him. They wore a very smart uniform, and kept the keys of his room and never left his side day or night.

Now, when the war broke out again in France, the English saw that it would be better to make peace with Scotland and to let her have back her

king. So James I. was set free on three conditions. First he had to promise not to make war on England for seven years; then he had to pay a great sum of money for his keep during the years he had been a prisoner; and lastly, he was to marry an English wife.

This he was only too pleased to do, for he had long ago given his heart to a lovely lady, and had written a poem called the "King's Quhair" all about her. In it he tells how he used to pass the long, dull hours in his prison looking out of the window "to see the world and folk that went forby," and how, one day, he saw the Lady Jane, and straightway he loved her, for "she walked so very womanlie." So he took his "fairest Flower" with him and went back with great joy to his own kingdom and became one of the best kings Scotland ever had.

But all this time, what was happening in France? You may well believe that after all these cruel years of fighting the poor country was in a dreadful state. The towns were tumbling down, the fields were bare, and everywhere the people were dying of hunger and misery. Many of them just lived in the open woods and wandered about robbing and stealing anything they could find. The great lords and nobles thought only of themselves.

and were ready to take whichever side would pay them best. The very soldiers, though they cared for nothing but fighting, seemed to have lost all their courage. They said themselves that two hundred Englishmen could beat a thousand French, and would even run away from what they called "the great and terrible Hurrah of the English."

The Duke of Bedford thought the time had come to end the war at one blow, so he laid siege to Orleans, the only strong town left that was still faithful to the Dauphin. No food was allowed into the city, and soon the people were starving.

The French did their best to save it. They once heard that the English were bringing up hundreds of carts of food and stores for their men. If only they could catch them! They sent out a big army, but the English quickly made their waggons into a sort of wall all round them, and fought so fiercely that the French were driven off. Afterwards they called it the "Battle of the Herrings," because it was in Lent and most of the stores were great barrels of salt fish which were spilled all over the ground.

The English were quite sure of victory, and the French had lost all hope, when a most wonderful thing happened. God Himself took pity on France

and sent a leader of His own to save her, and the

Joan hears the Voice.

leader He chose was not the king, nor some famous general, nor any wise and clever man, but a simple

country girl, called Joan the Maid. She knew how to mind her father's sheep, and had learnt to sew and spin beside her mother's knee, and that was all. But just because she was so poor and helpless she trusted to God and knew He would help her to do the work He was calling her to do.

Joan was a good, happy little girl, and as she grew up she loved to steal away by herself to say her prayers. There were so many things to pray for in those sad days, and she thought more and more of the " great pity that was in the fair realm of France," as she often said, and of her king driven from his rightful throne.

After a time Voices began to speak to her, and she knew they were St. Michael and St. Margaret and St. Catherine. They told her many things, that God was calling her to save her country, and that no one else could do it.

At first she was afraid, but the Voices came again and again and told her that she was to go and tell the Dauphin what they said. People laughed at her, but she knew the message came from God and she would have to do what she was told. " I would far rather stay and spin by my mother's side," said she, " but if I wear my legs away to the very knees, I must go, because my Lord wills it."

"Who is your Lord?" they asked.

"He is God," said Joan.

At last she had her way and was taken to the Court. She went into the great hall, all blazing with lights and full of proud lords in velvet and gold, grander than anything she had ever dreamed of. The Dauphin hid behind the rest to try her, but she walked straight up to him and knelt before him. "Gentle Dauphin," said she, "I am Joan the Maid. I come from the Heavenly King to tell you you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, for God has had pity on you and on your people." Then the Dauphin took her to one side and she told him secrets that no one else could know, and he believed her. He made her captain of his army and sent her to save Orleans, which her Voices had told her was the first thing she must do.

What a strange sight that army must have been! Knights with their shields and helmets, archers and spearmen and bowmen, and at their head, on a great war-horse, Joan the Maid, in shining white armour, her sword hanging by her side, and in her hand the banner she loved more than all besides, for it was sewn with the lilies of France and held the picture of Our Lord. No wonder the rough soldiers thought she was an

angel from heaven and gave up their bad words and ways and went to Confession at her bidding.

The English were camped round Orleans, but, wonderful to say, they let Joan and her army pass into the city. Fort after fort was taken, and now it was the English who lost courage and a strange fear seemed to fall upon them. They said that Joan was a witch and the Devil was helping her, and that if they caught her they would burn her.

At last there was only one fort left and Joan called on her men to follow her. As she tried to climb the walls, an arrow hit her in the shoulder and she fell. The English were glad, for they thought she was killed, and the French began to draw back, but presently she got up and pulled the arrow out of the wound. Then she went away into a vineyard by herself, and after praying there for a little while, she called to her men to attack the fort again. "When my banner touches the wall, the place is yours," she said. On she rushed until a shout was heard: "The banner touches." "Then enter, the town is yours!" cried Joan. Orleans was saved.

The people were wild with joy. They went in procession from church to church with their bishop, who was a Scotsman, at their head, singing hymns and giving thanks to God. The glad bells

Joan rides to Chinon.

rang out, and men and women, and even little children, crowded round to see this wonderful heavenly leader and to touch the very horse she rode. But, happy as she was, when all the rejoicing was over, Joan was found on her knees praying and crying bitterly, for though she could fight so bravely, she was still a girl, and it broke her heart to see so many dead and wounded.

The first part of her work was done, and now her Voices told her she must take the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. But oh! how slow and unbelieving he and all his nobles were! In spite of all that she had done, they put off and off, and would not really trust her. Most of the country was still in the hands of the enemy, and some of the leaders wanted to do one thing, and some another, till at last Joan fell on her knees before the Dauphin and said: "Gentle Dauphin, why do you waste so much time on words? My Voices tell me I shall not last more than one year, and you must make good use of me, for there is much to do. It is the Will of God that you should go to Rheims."

So they set out, and everywhere the enemy were driven back and the towns opened their gates to them, till they marched in triumph into Rheims itself. And there in the great cathedral,

the most famous of all the churches of France, where her kings were crowned, Charles VII. too was made a king.

A writer of those days says that the eyes of all the great and noble company that stood round were fixed upon the Maid. "When the crown was put upon the head of the king, all men shouted: 'Noel, Noel!' and the trumpets sounded so that it seemed as if the very roof of the church would break. And all the time the Maid stood ever near the king, her standard in her hand. And it was a right fair thing to see the fair behaviour of the Maid and of the king." When it was over, Joan knelt before him crying for joy and said: "Gentle King, now the Will of God is done." "And great pity came on all who saw her, and many wept."

She had been obedient to her Voices and everything had happened as they said, and now she begged to be allowed to go back to her home. "Would that I could go back to keep my father's sheep with my brothers and my sister. They would be so glad to see me."

But she was not allowed to go, and once again she led the army against the English. This time her Voices did not speak of victories; instead they said she would be taken prisoner and have great sorrow, but yet they told her to go bravely

on and God would be her helper. And so it came about. Her friends deserted her. The proud nobles held back, for they were jealous and half ashamed to fight under the banner of a girl, and the king himself thought only of his pleasures and cared little for the crown she had won for him. She grew very sad. She knew that she had only a little time left, and they hindered her at every turn.

She laid siege to Paris, but before the town could be taken Charles called the army back. Then the sad day came. She fell into the hands of her enemies and was taken prisoner. It was her own faithless countrymen who took her, and to their shame, they sold her to the English.

We are told that the English were "more glad than if they had taken five hundred prisoners, for they feared no other captain or leader so much as they feared the Maid." She was led to Rouen and there she lay for long, long months in prison, loaded with heavy chains and guarded by five rough soldiers, who never left her alone day or night.

The English said she was a witch and must be burnt, but harder still was the way her own people treated her. She had saved France and had given them back their king. And now in her danger

they deserted her. Even the king himself would not lift a hand to help her, and she saw none but enemies on every side.

She was treated very cruelly. They would not even let her go to Mass, which made her more sad than all the rest. They never left her any peace. Again and again they brought her out of her prison to ask her questions, and she saw they only wanted to catch her out, and to find some excuse for putting her to death. She could only tell them how the Voices had spoken to her and how she had always done what they had told her, for she knew they were from God. But it was no use. They had made up their minds that she must die, and in the end they had their way, and she was told she must be burnt. She burst out crying: "Alas! will they treat me so cruelly?" she said. "Oh, I would rather have my head cut off seven times than die so terribly."

They let her see the priest, and she went to Confession and Communion, and after that she was not frightened any more. Then they put her into a great cart with four horses, and led her out to the market-place, where all the people were crowded round to see her die. Many of them cried for pity, she looked so young and brave, and all the time they heard her pray: "Holy Trinity,

have mercy on me. I believe in Thee. Jesus, have mercy on me. Mary, pray for me! St. Michael, St. Margaret, St. Catherine, help me! All you who are here forgive me as I forgive you! All you priests say a Mass for the repose of my soul."

As they tied her to the stake she asked for a crucifix, and one of the English soldiers, who was kinder than the rest, took two sticks and made them into a cross and gave it to her. She held it close, and when the fire was lighted, a priest lifted up a crucifix for her to see. The cruel flames sprang up, and suddenly it seemed as if her saints had come to comfort her, for she looked up with a glad shining face and cried: "Indeed I was not mistaken. My Voices were from God." And then out of all the fire and smoke came one last cry of "Jesus."

A great fear and hush fell on all the people. "Alas!" said one of them, "we are lost. We have burnt a Saint." He was right. It was in vain that the English took their little king to Paris and proudly crowned him King of France. Bit by bit they were driven back as Joan had said would happen, till all that was left them of their French lands was the little town of Calais.

And what of Joan herself, the simple soldier-

maid, who died this shameful, cruel death? She is truly one of the great Saints of God, and now, after five hundred years, her name is known and loved in all the countries of the world as the noblest flower of Chivalry.

KING JAMES II. OF SCOTLAND— "JAMES OF THE FIERY FACE"

Marjorie, daughter of Robert the Bruce, married Walter, High Steward of Scotland.
Her son, Robert II., was the first Stewart king.
James I. was the grandson of Robert II.
The nobles were very powerful and would not keep the laws.
James tried to put them down.
They murdered him in the Blackfriars Monastery at Perth.
He left a little son, who was James II.

King Robert Bruce drove the English out of Scotland by the great battle of Bannockburn; but that did not mean that the country could settle down all at once and be at peace. You remember that we said that the saddest thing in the history of Scotland was the way so many of

her kings died and left only a little child to rule after them. Then the great chiefs and nobles would fight for the first place, and there was no one to keep them in order.

The story of King James II. shows how true this was. His father was cruelly murdered, and poor little James became king when he was only six years old. At once the quarrels began as to who should have charge of him.

There is a story of how his mother once ran away with him when he was shut up in Edinburgh Castle by a noble called Crichton. She pretended she wanted to go on a pilgrimage and gave Crichton all sorts of messages about looking after the little king while she was away.

Next day she started off with her two big boxes tied on the back of a mule. She rode as far as Leith, and had her boxes carried carefully into the boat, but instead of going on her pilgrimage, she told the men to row quickly up to Stirling Castle. When Crichton found that the king had gone, it was too late to get him back, for he had been safely packed in one of the queen's boxes.

Later on, Crichton had his turn. He knew the king went out hunting every morning, so he hid his men behind some bushes, and when James rode by they sprang out. Crichton knelt down

before him and pretended he had come to rescue him. Then he seized his bridle and rode off with him to Edinburgh, whether he liked it or no.

The greatest of all the Scottish chiefs was the Earl of Douglas. He was only a boy of seventeen, but his family had grown very powerful since the days of Good Lord James, who was the friend of Robert Bruce.

The young Earl was very proud and gave himself great airs. In fact, his head was quite turned. He had wide lands in Scotland, and part of France even belonged to him. Thousands of armed men followed him, and Crichton began to be afraid that he was trying to make himself more powerful than the king. So he planned a very wicked deed to get rid of him. He sent him a polite message inviting him to come to Edinburgh Castle with his little brother David. This pleased Douglas, and off they set, though some of his friends begged him to leave David behind in case there might be any danger. But he would not listen.

The little king was delighted to see them and thought that Douglas was a most splendid person, with his proud airs and ways. A big feast was made. Suddenly in came an armed guard. The Douglases sprang up, for they saw that they were

caught, but the guard held them fast. James, with sobs and tears, begged Crichton to save his friends, but it was no good. The two poor boys were taken out into the Castle yard and had their heads cut off there and then.

This cruel deed did not end the long fight for power between the king and the family of the Douglases, and many terrible things were done before, at last, they would own that they were beaten.

Many years later, when James was grown up, the Douglas who was Earl at that time took prisoner a man called McLellan. This man's uncle, Sir Patrick Grey, was head of the king's bodyguard, and he begged James to save his nephew.

James sent him with a letter to Douglas, ordering him to set McLellan free. Douglas was very polite and said Sir Patrick must first have some dinner and they would do their business afterwards. He guessed what the king's message was, and quickly sent one of his men to cut off McLellan's head.

After dinner, Sir Patrick gave him the letter. Douglas thanked him, but said he was afraid it was rather late. Then he took Sir Patrick by the hand and led him to the yard and showed him

his poor nephew, saying: "You are welcome to his body, but I fear he wants the head."

Sir Patrick jumped upon his horse, and when he got outside the gate he shook his fist and vowed he would have his revenge. Then he galloped off, and Douglas's men chased him for sixty miles, all the way to Edinburgh.

James was very angry, but he knew that if it came to fighting Douglas would most likely win, for he had made a league with some of the other great nobles, and they would be able to collect a big army. So he thought he would try to persuade him. He invited him to come to Stirling Castle, and sent him a passport, promising that he would be safe. Douglas came.

After dinner, James took him into another room and told him he must break up his league. Douglas answered rudely, and they began to quarrel. Suddenly James, in a rage, pulled out his dagger and stabbed him in the throat, saying: "By Heaven, if you will not break the league, this shall." Sir Patrick Grey and some of the king's other friends, hearing the noise, rushed in and finished off the poor man with their swords.

This terrible murder is a sad stain on King James's name. You may believe that the rest of the Douglases were very angry. They marched

up and down the streets of Stirling dragging the passport at a horse's tail and insulting the king. Then they burnt the city before his very eyes.

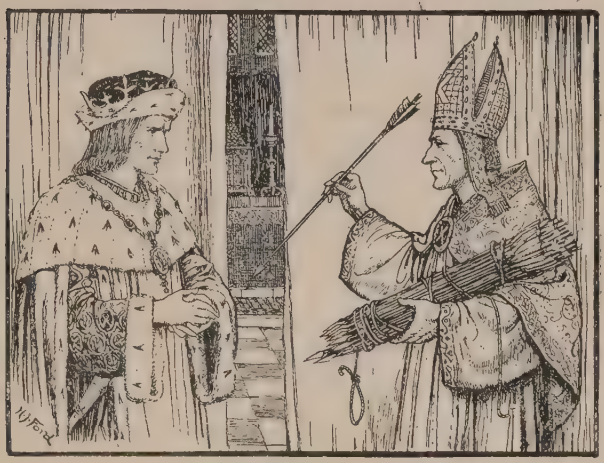
For years the fight went on, but James seems to have learnt a lesson from his wicked sin. His people called him James of the Fiery Face, because he had a bright red mark on his cheek. He had a fiery temper too, as we have seen, but he was very young, and as he grew older he grew wiser and learnt to manage his nobles better, till at last, one by one, he was able to win them over.

He had one very good adviser to help him, the great and holy Bishop Kennedy, who did more than any one else to bring peace to his troubled country. An old writer calls him the "Simple great one," and says he was "wondrous godly and wise."

He was Bishop of St. Andrew's, where he built a beautiful college and made himself a lovely tomb, which is there still. He used to visit all the churches in his diocese four times every year, to see that the people were properly looked after and knew their religion. He was interested in all sorts of things and built a great ship called the *Bishop's Barge* to trade with other lands.

James made Bishop Kennedy his chancellor,

and used to go to him in all his troubles. Once, when the barons seemed to be getting too strong for him, he asked him if he had not better leave the country altogether. The bishop saw how sad and tired he was, and said: "Sire, I beseech you first to partake of some refreshment, and mean-



Bishop Kennedy teaches James a lesson with the bundle of arrows.

while I will pass into my chamber and pray for you and the commonwealth of the realm."

After a time he came back and took the king into the chapel and they knelt down before the altar. Then he gave the king a bundle of arrows tied together and asked him to break them in

two. James said it was impossible. The bishop untied the string and gave him the arrows one by one, and then he found he could break them quite easily. "So," said the bishop, "if you try to beat the barons while they are joined together, you will not be able to do anything against them, but if you once divide them you will easily defeat them." James took his advice and found that it was true.

When King James was old enough to be married he chose a lady from France called Mary of Gueldres to be his wife. She came over with a fleet of thirteen ships, full of knights and ladies, and feasts and games went on for days in her honour.

The great shows in those days were called tournaments, when the knights would dress themselves from head to foot in armour and challenge each other to fight. Very often they went on till one or other was killed. The man who won was called the best and bravest knight, and the fairest lady there would give him the prize.

There was a famous French knight, whose name was the Sieur de Lalain. He had fought in most of the countries of Europe and boasted that he had never yet been beaten. He heard that the brother of the Earl of Douglas was a very brave

man, so he came all the way to Scotland to challenge him. He brought two others with him, and Douglas was to choose two friends and they were to fight till one side or the other was killed.

The tournament was to take place at Stirling. When the day came, the king was there with his lords, and the new queen with her ladies. The knights came out in their long velvet robes and knelt before the king, and then they went into their tents to put on their armour. The trumpets were blown and the great fight began. They fought with spears and axes and swords, but neither side could get the better of the other. At last one of the Scots fell, and though he jumped up at once, the king made a sign for them to stop. He told them they had all fought well and bravely, but he would not let them kill each other. So they made friends and no one could claim the victory.

There was a Pope at this time called Pius II., who had paid a visit to Scotland long ago, before he became Pope. He wrote down some of the things he did and saw in that strange country where, he said, the sun hardly ever shone. He was nearly shipwrecked on the way and promised that if he were saved he would walk barefoot to the nearest church in thanksgiving.

It was winter-time and the ground was covered with snow, and the poor man got such rheumatism that he never got over it all the rest of his life. One of the things he wrote was : " In this country I saw the poor who, almost in a state of nakedness, begged at the church doors, depart with joy on their faces on receiving stones as alms. These stones they burnt instead of wood." He had never heard of coal in sunny Italy !

A great many laws were passed by Parliament in the reign of James of the Fiery Face. Some of them sound very funny to us, but they show us how the people lived in those days. Although the times were so rough, the people must have thought a great deal about their clothes, for one law was made, saying that " only Baillies and good worthy men of the Council of the town and their wives " were to wear clothes of silk, and the women were forbidden to wear " Tails unfit in length."

No one was to take nests or to kill birds that were fit to eat, but if anybody killed a wolf, he was to get a penny from every house in his parish.

Very strict laws were passed against beggars who used to ride about the country with horses and hounds and terrify the people. They were

to be nailed by the ear to a tree, and if they were caught a second time they were to be hanged.

The people then seem to have been just as fond of games as we are now. King James was so anxious that all his men should be able to fight for their country that he made a law that they were not to play football or golf any more, but were all to practise shooting with bows and arrows. He made a plan, too, for letting them know when the "auld enemy of England" was coming. Great bale fires or beacons were put ready on all the high hills, and watchers stood always beside them.

If there was any danger these fires were lighted, and the news was flashed from one to the other all through the land, almost as quickly as we can send a message by telegraph. One beacon meant that there was danger. "Two meant that the enemy was coming indeed, and if four were lighted all at once like candles it meant that a big army was coming, and all the men had to come out to defend the land."

King James was a good soldier and he was very much interested in the big guns that were just beginning to be used. They were huge, clumsy things and fired enormous stone bullets. One of

them is still kept at Edinburgh and is called Mons Meg.

The king was attacking Roxburgh Castle, which had been taken by the English. He had brought up one of his new guns—" Cracks of War " the Scotch called them. It was made of big

James II. watches the big gun fired.

iron bars tied together with hoops of iron, and James wanted to see how it worked, and stood close up to it. In fact, the old historian says he " showed a curiosity unbecoming in a king." The gun was fired. There was a terrific explosion, and the whole thing burst. A piece hit the king and he was killed on the spot.

It was a terrible thing for poor Scotland. He was only twenty-nine years old, and was learning to rule his country well and wisely. His little son was only six, and so once again the land was left with a little child to be its king.

SIR THOMAS MORE

When Henry VI. grew up his powerful nobles, York and Lancaster, fought for the crown.
The White Rose of York defeated the Red Rose of Lancaster.
Henry VI. was murdered and Edward of York became king as Edward IV.
He had two little sons.
Their wicked uncle, Richard of Gloucester, murdered them so that he might be king.
Henry Tudor fought against Richard III. and defeated him at Bosworth Field.
Henry Tudor (Henry VII.) was the first Tudor king.
His son, Henry VIII., cut England away from the Catholic Church.

A LITTLE baby was once being taken for a journey by his nurse. They were riding on a horse and came to a stream which they had to cross over. There was no bridge, so the horse waded into the water, but when he tried to climb out on the other side, he began to slip, and the nurse thought they were all going to fall into the river. To save the baby she threw him on to the bank. The horse was able to jump out after all, and then the nurse, in a great fright, looked round for the baby. She was afraid he might be hurt or killed, but instead of that, she found him lying at the bottom of a ditch, laughing and crowing away to himself.

Twelve years later on the baby had grown into a merry, mischievous boy. In those days there were not so many schools as there are now, and boys were often sent to be brought up in the house of some great noble or bishop. They were called pages, and had to wait on their masters and learn to have good manners, as well as their other lessons.

Now, the name of our boy was Thomas More, and he was a page in the house of a cardinal. One day there was a big feast and some actors came in to amuse the people. Suddenly, Thomas ran on to the stage and began to play such tricks,

and to make so much fun, that everybody laughed at him more than at the actors. The cardinal laughed too, but he told his friends to look well at the boy, for one day he would be a great man. His words came true, for Thomas More grew up to be one of the wisest and holiest and bravest Englishmen that ever lived.

There is no time to tell of all the things he did when he became a man, so let us take a big jump over forty years and pretend we were going to pay him a visit in his house at Chelsea. First we should have had to get into a boat and row up the river, for at that time Chelsea was just a pretty little village by the waterside, instead of being in the middle of London with plenty of motor-buses to take us backwards and forwards, as there are now.

When we came to the landing-place any one would have told us where Thomas More lived, for he was a great man, and was Sir Thomas now. He was the king's friend, and Lord Chancellor of England, which was the highest place in the land. In fact, we might have found the great state barge with the royal watermen in their smart dress waiting by the riverside, and King Henry VIII. himself walking up and down the garden with his arm round Sir Thomas's neck.

Henry walking with Sir Thomas in his garden at Chelsea.

Or perhaps we should have found Sir Thomas sitting under a tree, talking with clever men from some far-off country, who had read his books and come all this way to see him.

Or, if our visit had happened to be on a Friday, we should have had to look into his little chapel, and there we should have seen him nearly the whole day long, kneeling at his prayers. But most often we should have found him sitting in the middle of his family, teaching them, and laughing and joking with them. For though he was so learned and so great, he had not grown proud, but was still just like the simple, happy boy of long ago, and he loved his home and his chapel and his family better than anything in the world.

The king was always trying to keep him at the Court because his witty sayings made him laugh, but Sir Thomas did not care for Court ways, and at last he thought of a plan for getting away. He pretended to be quite dull and stupid, and then the king did not care for him any more, and he was able to go back to his home.

Sir Thomas had three girls and one boy. Their mother died when they were very little, and he married another lady called Dame Alice. She was not clever as he was, but she took good care of

his home and always wanted everything to be done just the right way.

She was very proud when he was made Lord Chancellor, and loved to see him setting off to Court, in his barge with eight watermen to row it.

She used to scold him very much for not caring what his clothes were like and for being so playful and full of fun, instead of looking stiff and proper as she thought the Lord Chancellor should do.

But Sir Thomas did not mind, he just laughed and joked all the more to tease her. The person he loved best of all was his eldest daughter, whose name was Margaret. She was very clever, and when she was a little girl he had taught her Latin and all sorts of other things that it was thought wonderful for girls to learn in those days. But Sir Thomas said that the girls should know these things just as much as the boys.

Whenever he was away from home, he used to make his children write him long letters all in Latin. He was so proud of them that he used to show their letters to his friends, who could hardly believe that girls could be clever enough to have written them.

By the time Sir Thomas More was made Lord Chancellor, all his family were grown up and most

of them were married, but they still lived in his house, with their husbands and their children, and though there were so many of them they did not quarrel but were all happy together.

Besides his family Sir Thomas had to keep a number of servants to look after his big house, and they all loved him, for he was a good master.

He had a jester too. There were no pictures or theatres to go to then, and so people used often to have some clever man to live with them, to amuse them and to make fun. This man was called a jester, or a fool. Sir Thomas's jester was full of nonsense and amused everybody, and he and his master had a great many jokes together.

But Sir Thomas would never allow any one in his house to be idle. If there was nothing else to do he would send them out to work in the garden, and every evening they all had to come to the chapel to say their prayers. He loved to go on pilgrimages to holy places and to walk in processions.

One day, when he was Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk saw him in the church, sitting with a cotta on among the other servers. Afterwards he scolded him, and said he was dishonouring

the king; but Sir Thomas smiled, and said: "Surely the king, your master and mine, will not be offended because I serve God who is his Master and mine."

Sir Thomas loved the poor. He was a very clever lawyer, and the people used often to come to him when they were in trouble, for they knew he would do them justice. One day a poor woman came into the court and said Dame Alice had stolen her dog.

Sir Thomas knew that his wife had just got a little dog, so he sent for her, and asked her to bring the dog with her. When she came in, he made her stand at one end of the hall, and sent the woman to the other end. Then he told one of his men to put the little dog in the middle and let them both call him. They did, and the dog ran to the woman and began jumping all round her.

So Sir Thomas knew that the dog really had belonged to her, and that some one must have stolen it and sold it to Dame Alice. Dame Alice gave her four times as much money as the dog was worth, and she went away quite happy, and Dame Alice kept the dog, so everybody was pleased.

Now who would believe that this good, kind

Sir Thomas, whom everybody loved, and who was the king's friend, would one day be made to kneel at the block and have his head cut off like a common traitor? And yet this terrible thing did really happen.

Look at him in his picture. He is not smiling there, but he seems to be looking far away and thinking of all the troubles that were coming on the world.

Although he had such a happy home and led such a busy life, these things had never made him forget God. Every night he got up to pray and to study, and this made him very holy and very wise. Then the learned men who came to see him from other countries told him what was happening in the rest of the world, and he saw that great changes were taking place.

New lands were being discovered, and new ideas were growing up, and the sad part was that, instead of becoming better, most people seemed to be getting more and more selfish, and to be thinking more and more about pleasing themselves, and less about loving God and each other.

Sir Thomas thought of all these things, and he saw that his own king, Henry, who used to be so good, was becoming proud and selfish like the rest. Every one had praised him and tried to

please him till he thought he could do whatever he liked.

At last Sir Thomas found that he was not able to obey both God and the king at the same time any longer, so he gave up being Lord Chancellor and went back to his family.

How glad he was to be at home again! Just like a schoolboy in his holidays, although it meant that he lost his high place and would be very poor. His only trouble was how to tell Dame Alice, for he knew how disappointed she would be. And sure enough, when he told her she began to scold him, and said: "Tilly vally, tilly vally, Sir Thomas!" as she always did when she was very much upset. But he knew how to make her think of something else. He called his daughters and asked them to see what was the matter with their mother's dress, and Dame Alice soon forgot to scold him any more.

Now at this time King Henry was beginning to quarrel with the Pope. He had grown tired of Queen Catherine who was his wife, and tried to get the Pope to say that they had never been properly married, for then he thought he would be able to marry some one else. But the Pope said he could not do so, because it would be against the teaching of Our Lord.

The king was terribly angry, and he made his Parliament pass a law that England should no longer obey the Pope, and that he himself was the real head of the Church in England. Then he said that all the bishops and the chief people in the land must take an oath to obey this law.

It was a sad time and every one was troubled. Some people were afraid to disobey the king, and some could not see what would be the right thing for them to do, and in the end most of them did what the king wanted. Only holy old Bishop Fisher and a few poor monks were brave enough to say the oath was wrong, and to go to prison rather than take it.

Sir Thomas was watching all these things from his quiet home and he grew very sad. He knew that the king was angry with him and he would soon be asked to take the oath, so he thought and prayed more than ever, and begged God to show him what to do and to make him strong enough to do what was right.

At last the message came. Sir Thomas went straight to the church to hear Mass, and to go to Confession and Communion, as he always did when he had any big thing to do. Then very sadly he left his home. Generally when he went to London all his family would go down to the

river to kiss him good-bye, and see him get into his boat and row away, but this time he could not bear to let them come. He just shut the garden gate behind him and did not even look back to wave his hand, for he knew that he would never come back to that happy home any more.

The only one who went with him was Margaret's husband, Roper. They were sitting sadly side by side in the boat, when suddenly Sir Thomas smiled up at him and said: "I thank God, Son Roper, the field is won!" He meant that the long, hard fight was over. He knew now what he ought to do and that God would help him to do it.

So though they tried their best to make him take the oath he would not, and then they took him away and shut him up in prison in the Tower of London. In spite of all his troubles he was still the same merry Sir Thomas, always ready to make his jokes.

When the lieutenant, who was his friend, said how sad he was to have to lock him in, he only laughed and said he was quite content, but if he began to grumble he gave the lieutenant full leave to turn him out. For a long time no one could go to him, but at last his wife was allowed to see him. Poor Dame Alice! She was very

unhappy and begged him to please the king and come back to his family. She could not understand how he could stay in that filthy prison, full

Thomas More in prison, visited by his wife.

of rats and mice, when for one little word he might go back to his own dear home in Chelsea. He said: "Tell me, Dame Alice, is not this place

as near to Heaven as Chelsea ? " But she only answered : " Tilly vally, Mr. More, will you never have finished ? " and would not be comforted.

The prisons in those days were terrible places, and the prisoners had to pay a great deal for their food, or else they were left to starve. When Sir Thomas was sent to the Tower his family were very poor, and Dame Alice had to sell all her nice clothes to buy him enough to eat.

It made him sad that they should have to suffer for him, and when his dear Margaret came and cried over him it nearly broke his heart, but even for her sake he could not do what he thought would be wrong. So he only smiled and teased her, and tried to comfort her. He called her Mother Eve, and asked if she had come again to make Father Adam eat the apple. When she asked him why he could not do like so many of the bishops and other people and take the oath, he answered : " Truly, daughter, I will never pin my soul to another man's back, not even the best man that I know, for I know not where he may take it."

Then he told her what a long, hard fight he had had, and how night after night, while his wife was asleep, he had lain awake praying and thinking ; but now all that was over and he was quite happy,

even in that cold, lonely prison. He said he thought God was treating him just like a little spoilt child and had taken him on His lap and was petting him. So poor Margaret did not try to persuade him any more. He grew so ill in prison that Dame Alice begged the king to let him out, but instead of listening to her the king took all his books away and said no one was to go and see him. So Sir Thomas sat alone and just thought about the happiness of heaven.

When he had been in prison more than a year they took him out to try him, and though he was able to put all his judges to shame by his answers, they said he was a traitor, and must be put to death, for they did not dare to disobey the king.

Then Sir Thomas spoke out boldly, and said that in all his reading he had never found that any one but the Pope could be the Head of the Church. "What!" said the judges, "do you think you know better than all the bishops and nobles of this country?"

And Sir Thomas answered that for one bishop who was on their side he had a hundred saints on his, and for their one Parliament he had all the Councils of the Church, and for the one kingdom of England he had all the kingdoms of Christendom. Then he said that he prayed for them and for the

king, and he hoped they would all meet together in heaven.

Margaret knew he was being tried, and she waited by the riverside, where he would have to pass on his way back to prison. At last he came, and she knelt down in the road to ask for his

Margaret and her father, Sir Thomas More, on his way to prison.

blessing. But when she saw his dear face so pale and thin, with the long beard he had grown in prison, and his hair all white with his sufferings, she could not bear it. She forgot all about the soldiers and their pikes and spears, and rushed up and threw her arms round his neck and kissed

him. All she could say was: "Oh, my father, my father!" He blessed her and tried to comfort her, and then they led him on. But she knew she would never see him any more, and

Sir Thomas More kisses the executioner.

ran after him again and hugged him tighter than ever, till all the people and the soldiers cried too out of pity.

When her father got back to prison he wrote her a letter with a bit of coal, and told her how her

love had comforted him. He said "good-bye" to all his family and said that he was longing to go to God. "Farewell, my dear child. Pray for me and I shall for you and all your friends that we may merrily meet in heaven."

When the day came for him to die he was glad. He walked out to the place where the scaffold was put up with a crucifix in his hand. As he passed by, looking so old and ill, a kind woman wanted to give him a cup of wine; but he smiled and said that Our Lord had only had vinegar on the cross, and he would not drink it.

A great crowd of people was waiting to see him die. The scaffold was very high and there was a ladder leading up to it, but he was so weak he could not climb up it. So he laughed and asked the lieutenant to help him up, but he said: "As for the coming down, I can see to that for myself."

The executioner was waiting there with his great axe, and Sir Thomas kissed him and told him not to be afraid. "My neck is very short," he said, "so be careful to hit straight." Then he asked all the people to pray for him, and told them that he was dying for the Catholic Faith; and when he had said a prayer, he lay down and put his head on the block. But before he gave the

sign to the executioner he stopped to push his beard out of the way, for that, at any rate, he said, had done no harm.

Then the great axe fell, and his beautiful brave soul flew straight to heaven to be happy for ever and for ever with God.

TIME CHART

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	General.
300—399. Fourth Century.	The Romans in Britain.	St. Ninian preaches the Christian faith in Scotland.	Niall of the Nine: Hostages king.	Constantine the Great, first Christian Emperor of Rome.
400—499. Fifth Century.	Romans leave Britain. Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy (seven kingdoms).	St. Ninian founds the See of Galloway.	Landing of St. Patrick. Founding of the See of Armagh. St. Brigid at Kildare.	—
500—599. Sixth Century.	St. Augustine preaches the faith of Christ in England. Conversion of Ethelbert.	Founding of the kingdom of Dalriada. St. Columba preaches the Christian faith. St. Mungo founds the See of Glasgow.	—	—
600—699. Seventh Century.	Synod of Whitby.	St. Cuthbert in Melrose.	Caedmon, the first English poet.	—
700—799. Eighth Century.	Beginning of Danish raids.	Beginning of Danish raids	in Scotland and Ireland.	The Moors conquer Spain.
800—899. Ninth Century.	Egbert, first king of England. Alfred the Great, king. He defeats the Danes. Treaty of Wedmore, 878.	Kenneth McAlpin unites the kingdoms of the Picts and Scots, 844.	The Irish kings fighting against the Danes.	Charlemagne crowned Emperor by Pope Leo III., at St. Peter's in Rome, 800.
900—999. Tenth Century.	Danish Conquest of England. Sweyn. Canute, 1040.	Cumberland ceded to Scotland.	Malachi the Great defeats the Danes at Tara.	The Northmen settle in Normandy, and are called Normans.
1000—1099. Eleventh Century.	Edward the Confessor, king. Harold. Conquest of England by William of Normandy. 1066. William Rufus, king.	The Lothians joined to Scotland. Malcolm III. (Canmore) defeats Macbeth. Marriage of Malcolm with St. Margaret, 1070.	Brian Boru defeats the Danes at Clontarf, 1014.	Preaching of First Crusade. Taking of Jerusalem.

1100—1199. Twelfth Century.	Civil war between Stephen and Matilda. Henry II., king. Murder of St. Thomas à Becket. Richard I., king. He joins the Crusades.	William the Lion defeated by Stephen at the Battle of the Standard. Does homage to King of England, 1174.	Rival kings in Ireland. Anarchy. Landing of Earl Strongbow, 1169. Anglo-Norman knights. Henry II. lands in Ireland.	Loss of Jerusalem. Third Crusade. Richard I. joins the Crusade.
1200—1299. Thirteenth Century.	John, king. The Pope puts England under an interdict. Signing of the Great Charter. Henry III., king. Edward I. Conquest of Wales.	Alexander III., king. He defeats the Norwegians at the Battle of Largs. Death of the Maid of Norway. John Baliol, king. Rising of Wallace. Battle of Stirling Bridge, 1297. Battle of Falkirk.		St. Francis of Assisi founds Franciscan Order. St. Dominic founds Order of Friars Preachers. They come to England, Scotland, and Ireland.
1300—1399. Fourteenth Century.	Edward I. in Scotland. Edward II. The Black Death. The Peasants' Revolt.	Battle of Bannockburn. Robert the Bruce, king. Treaty of Northampton. Scottish Independence acknowledged.	Edward Bruce in Ireland. Defeated and slain by the English at Dundalk. The Black Death.	Hundred Years' War. Crecy. Poitiers.
1400—1499. Fifteenth Century.	Henry V. Agincourt. Wars of the Roses. Edward IV., king (the White Rose). Richard III. Henry VII., first Tudor king.	Murder of James I. Orkneys and Shetlands ceded to Scotland. James IV. annexes the Isles.	Richard Plantagenet. Duke of York asserts the independence of Irish Legislature. "Poynings' Law" takes away the power of the Irish Parliament.	Agincourt. Siege of Orleans. Joan of Arc burnt, 1431. Invention of Printing. Columbus discovers America.
1500—1553. Sixteenth Century.	Henry VIII., king, 1509. He declares himself Head of the Church. Martyrdom of Sir Thomas More. Death of Henry, 1553.	Battle of Flodden. James IV. killed 1513. James V., king. Birth of Mary, Queen of Scots. Death of James V.	Henry VIII. declares himself King of Ireland. The English kings had been called "Lords of Ireland" before this.	Luther in Germany. Council of Trent.

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THE GRIP-FAST HISTORY BOOKS

BOOK II

MEDIÆVAL HISTORY

TEACHER'S BOOK

R.S.C J.

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WITH MAPS

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NOTE.—Many of these lessons will bear breaking up into two or more, if time allows. If the children are encouraged to borrow from the Free Libraries story books bearing on the period they are studying, additional interest will be given. Appropriate lists will be found in each of the Children's Books.

MAPS

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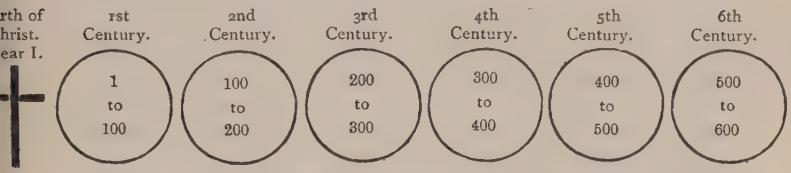
THE TIME CHART

A DIFFICULTY is often felt in making children understand why any date between 800 and 899 is the *Ninth* Century.

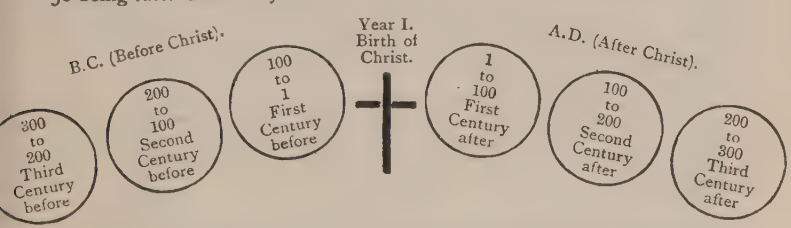
This can be dealt with in two ways:

Explanatory.—They will probably know that when their eighth birthday is over they are in their *ninth* year. It is the same with the centuries. When the Christian world was 800 years old it was in its ninth century.

Graphic.—The following simple diagram on the blackboard may help to make it quite clear.



The difficulty of B.C. and A.D. need not be dealt with at this stage; but if it should arise the same method will solve the mystery of the year 50 being *later* than the year 100 B.C.


B.C. (Before Christ).
A.D. (After Christ).
Year I. Birth of Christ.
300 to 200 Third Century before
200 to 100 Second Century before
100 to 1 First Century before
1 to 100 First Century after
100 to 200 Second Century after
200 to 300 Third Century after

The chronological sequence of events is another difficulty which the learning of dates does not always seem to solve. Here again a concrete method is likely to be the most successful.

Let a child in the class impersonate each historical character mentioned in the course of lessons or in the History Books. (One child can represent the Danes in general, or the Normans, while others represent

individuals, such as Canute or William the Conqueror.) Let each child, by referring to the Time Chart, be sure of his or her century. Then from time to time have a roll-call of the centuries. For instance:

"Men of the Eleventh Century stand out!"

"Who are you?"

"William of Normandy."

"What did you do?"

"I conquered England."

"Who are you?"

"Harold."

"What happened to you?"

"I was defeated by William the Conqueror at Hastings, and killed," and so on.

If the time allotted to history does not admit of this, it can be done as a conversation lesson.

The children's book used in conjunction with the teacher's book, gives the broad outline of British history from the departure of the Romans to the sixteenth century. Much at this stage must of necessity be left out. The aim of the teacher will be to see that what is given is thoroughly grasped, so as to form a sound scaffolding on which to build in higher classes. This will be best accomplished by letting the children act each scene as it arises, or, if the subject does not lend itself to acting, letting them hold a discussion on it, encouraging them to give their own opinions as to the wisdom, justice, etc., of the acts in question. This may be made more lively by letting the children who represent the characters involved argue their own case.

Care should be taken to include the least gifted and most backward children—always too much inclined to think they can do nothing—in the acted scenes. They can always appear as guards, soldiers, etc., performing a few simple actions, or saying a few words.

Composition lessons, in which the children themselves compose a historical scene for class acting, the teacher writing the dialogue on the blackboard at their dictation, combine the teaching of English and history, while a lesson on the mountain and river systems of Wales and Scotland, showing their influence on the conquest of Wales by Edward I. and his failure to conquer Scotland,[1] will give added interest to both history and geography.

If time allows, additional lessons may be given on chosen points in the summaries or the stories (children's book), but, if the matter given is to be thoroughly grasped, and the methods suggested to the attainment of that end be adopted, it will be found amply sufficient for a year's course.

[1] The Welsh river system tapping nearly the whole area of the country, the river valleys make communications possible. The Scottish mountain region has no river system, properly so called.

THE GRIP-FAST HISTORY BOOKS

I

HOW ENGLAND BECAME A NATION

Required : Maps of Europe and England, *c.* A.D. 400.
Pictures of Roman citizens and soldiers, of Roman buildings, of Picts and Scots, of a Saxon ship, of Saxon warriors.

1. Condition of Britain under the Romans.

Good roads. (See Map.)
Forests cleared—ground tilled.
Mines worked.
Luxurious country houses.
Cities with temples, baths, theatres. (See Map.)
Many Christians : *e.g.*, St. Alban. Three British Bishops at the Council of Arles, A.D. 314.

2. Effects of withdrawal of Roman garrison.

Wild men from north burst in over the Roman walls. (See Map.)
Saxons raid the southern and eastern shores.
" Groans of the Britons."
Vortigern, British King, asks the sea-rovers to help him against the Picts and Scots.* [1]
Jutes, Angles, and Saxons come, one after the other, raid after raid : devastation and suffering.

* (The references are to " The Welding of the Race," *English History Source Books.* George Bell. *2s.* each.)
[1] p. 6.

They finally settle in England, drive the Britons west, slay many, reduce others to slavery.

3. How England became united.

The seven kingdoms: Kent, Wessex (West Saxons), Essex (East Saxons), Sussex (South Saxons), East Anglia, Mercia (or Middle Kingdom), and Northumbria. (See Map.)

First bond of union: CHRISTIANITY.

A.D. 597. St. Augustine converts Kent.[1]

A.D. 625. Northumberland converted by Paulinus.[2]

Faith spreads over all England after death of heathen King Penda, and conversion of the South Saxons by St. Wilfrid. A.D. 681.[3]

Second bond: Necessity of fighting the Welsh.

A.D. 802–839. Egbert, King of the West Saxons, makes himself over-lord, or Bretwalda, of the whole of England. But the Celts of Strathclyde, the Picts and the Scots, remain independent.[4]

Three subjects for conversation:

(i.) Devastation of Britain under the invasions.

(ii.) Christianity spreading among the new, fierce races in England.

(iii.) Christianity reigning in a united England.

These conversations should, as far as possible, range round personalities: St. Augustine, St. Paulinus, King Ethelbert, etc. There are numbers of picturesque figures.

II

THE PICTS AND THE SCOTS

THE MAKING OF SCOTLAND

Notes for a lesson to be given before the reading of Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret. (Children's Book.)

Required: Blank map of Great Britain, filled in by the teacher to show the divisions of Scotland

[1] p. 10. [2] p. 19. [3] p. 37. [4] pp. 50 and 61.

ANGLO-SAXON
ENGLAND
10 0 10 20 30 40 50 60
Miles
FIRTH OF FORTH
Edinburgh
LOTHIAN
NORTHUMBRIA
STRATHCLYDE
BRITONS
CALLOWAY
PICTS
SCOTIA
NORTH SEA
IRISH SEA
NORTH WALES
BRITONS
MERCIA
EAST ANGLIA
ESSEX
LONDON
KENT
SUSSEX
Hastings
WESSEX
BRITONS
ENGLISH CHANNEL
NORMANDY
56
54
52
50
6
4
2
0
2

after the Romans left the country and the Roman wall.

Pictures of Picts, Celtic crosses, etc. If the children have already been through Book I. in a lower class, they will be familiar with the stories of St. Ninian, St. Mungo, and St. Columba, and will have some idea of the country in their time.

1. The Picts.

Dwellers in the northern part of Britain, called by the Romans Caledonia (land of forests).

A brave and warlike race, whom the Romans could not conquer.

After many attempts to conquer them, the Romans built a great wall, with forts, from the Forth to the Clyde, to keep them off. (See Map.)

When the Romans left Britain, the Picts were always coming over the wall to attack the people in the south.

The Picts were uncivilised and pagans, excepting in Galloway, where St. Ninian had preached Christianity.

2. The Scots.

In the beginning of the fifth century a band of settlers under their King, Fergus Mor, established themselves in the west of Scotland. They called their kingdom Dalriada. (See Map.)

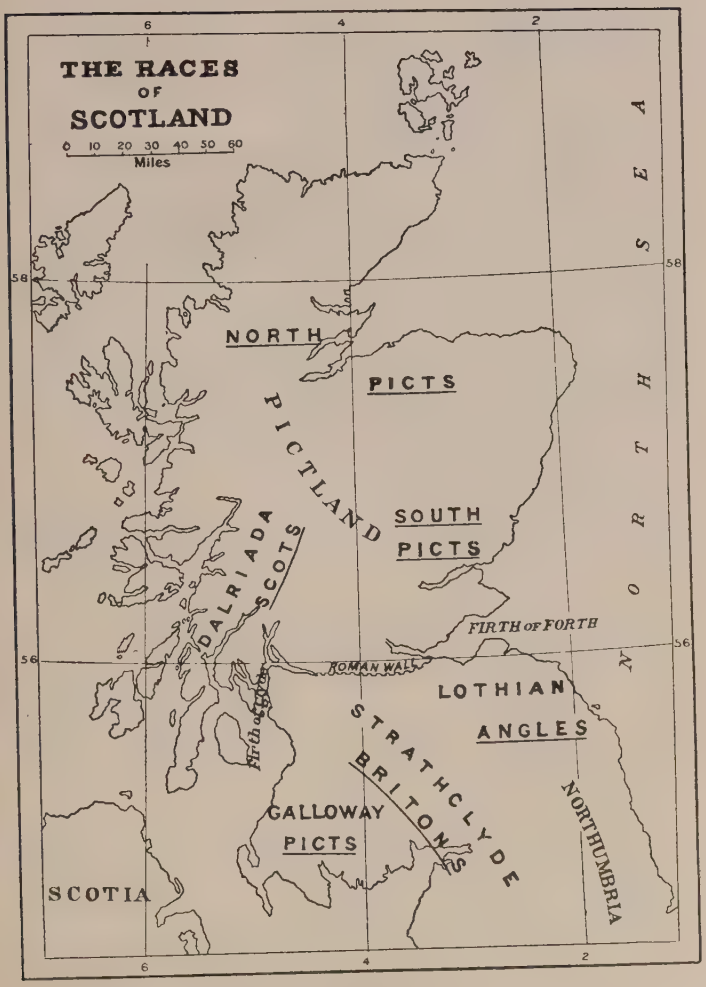
These people came from Ireland, which was then called Scotia, and they were called Scots.

They were of the same race as the Picts, Goidelic (Gaelic), Celts.

They were Christians, for St. Patrick had converted Ireland about a hundred years before they left it.

They were civilised. Ireland was famous for its schools, its learned men, and its workers in stone, and gold and silver. Some of the beautiful books that the Irish wrote at this time, and illuminated with wonderful designs and pictures, are still to be seen.

When St. Columba went to convert the Picts to Christianity, his cousin, Conal, was King of Dalriada.


THE RACES
OF
SCOTLAND
0 10 20 30 40 50 60
Miles
6
4
2
58
56
NORTH SEA
NORTH
PICTS
PICTLAND
SOUTH
PICTS
DALRIADA
SCOTS
FIRTH OF FORTH
ROMAN WALL
LOTHIAN
ANGLES
Firth of Clyde
STRATHCLYDE
BRITONS
GALLOWAY
PICTS
NORTHUMBRIA
SCOTIA

Conal gave him the island of Iona to build his monastery in. (See Map.)

St. Columba converted Brude, the King of the Picts, with all his people, to Christianity.

3. The Union of the two Races.

The Picts and the Scots were sometimes friends, sometimes enemies.

In the eighth century they had to fight against a common danger. The Northmen, or Danes, attacked their country. This helped to unite them. In the ninth century (844) Kenneth MacAlpin, who was a Pict on the mother's side and a Scot on the father's, became King of both Picts and Scots. The Scots gave their name to the whole country—Scotland—just as the Angles, who had been settlers too, gave their name to the whole southern part of Britain—Angleland or England.

4. The making of Scotland.

The kingdom of Scotland, or Alba, as it was sometimes called, now reached as far south as the Roman wall. (See Map.)

South of it were the kingdom of Strathclyde, or Cumbria, which belonged to the Britons, and Lothian, which was part of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria.

In 945 Edmund I., King of England, overran Strathclyde, or Cumbria, and gave it to Malcolm I., King of Scots, on condition that he should be his ally on sea and land.[1] (There was great danger at this time from the Northmen or Danes.)

In 1018 the Scots, under Malcolm II., totally defeated the Northumbrians at the battle of Carham on the Tweed.

As a result of this battle Lothian became part of Scotland. The southern boundary of Scotland was now very much where it is to-day.

Let children represent the different races, and explain who they were, where they came from, and what they did.

[1] Dunbar, *Scottish Kings.*

III

DAVID I. AND WHAT HE DID FOR SCOTLAND

Notes for a lesson to be given after Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret. (Children's Book.)

Aim: To show that the "sair saint for the Crown" was a fine saint for the people.

Required: Pictures of some of the great monasteries, Norman knights, etc.

1. King David I.

Youngest son of Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret. Brought up, on account of civil war in Scotland after their death, at the English court. (Henry I. of England had married David's sister Maud, "the god quen Mold.")

David saw what Norman order and civilisation had done for England. When he became King, on the death of his brother Alexander I., he determined to set his own country in order.

He gave land to many Norman knights, who became his vassals.

He made good laws and saw that they were kept. "He would sit at the door of the palace and hear the complaints of the poor." [1]

He gave freedom to the towns. They were to elect their own Provost and manage their own affairs.

He introduced new trades and encouraged building.

He ruled with a strong hand, but with charity and justice.

2. His work for Religion.

He founded many great abbeys and monasteries, and brought learned men from other countries to govern them. Holyrood,[2] Kelso, Jedburgh, etc.

[1] Aelred. (His friend and biographer.)

[2] The legend of the founding of Holyrood is beautifully told in the little book *Saint David of Scotland*, by Cecil Kerr. (Sands.)

The monasteries, in those wild days, were centres of civilisation.

They were hospitals and schools. There was always food and shelter for the poor and for travellers in the monastery or abbey.

The monks taught the people the best way of farming and gardening. They cleared the forests and cultivated the land.

All the painting, carving, and writing of books at that time were done in the monasteries and abbeys. "Whatever was best and worthiest in Scottish life, for several centuries, was to be found in connection with the great religious houses." [1]

3. Relations with England.

On the death of Henry I. David took up arms for his niece Matilda, who was fighting with Stephen for the English throne.

The Scots were defeated at the Battle of the Standard.[2]

Peace was made on condition that Matilda's son, Henry, should be King of England when Stephen died.

4. Death of David.

He reigned for twenty-nine years, and died, lamented by all his subjects. "He was the comforter of the sorrowing, the father of the fatherless, and the ready judge of the widow."

"David had, both by his own munificent foundations and by his example to others, set up centres of light, culture, and civilisation throughout the whole of Scotland." Edgar, *Early Scottish Education.*

James I., who came after him, said he was "a sair saint for the Crown." But he was a fine saint for his people, for he had spent the crown money and given the crown lands to benefit the country.

Let the children act scenes from his life—the founding of Holyrood, the Battle of the Standard, etc.

[1] *History of Early Scottish Education,* John Edgar. (Thin.)

[2] The story of the battle is picturesquely told in *Saint David of Scotland,* Cecil Kerr.

IV

FEUDALISM

Required: Maps of France and England, *c.* 1000–1100.
Pictures of Norman knights, archers, ship, a vassal doing homage, Battle of Hastings.

1. How government began { Rulers and ruled. / Landowners and workers.

Once upon a time each family lived for itself, father and big brothers hunting for food, etc.

Then families began to live together in villages: rules are required.

The wisest men meet together to make rules.

The wisest of all presides and becomes Chief.

The Chief and the other wise men own the lands in the village because they do good for the community by making the rules and seeing that men keep them, so that everyone can live in peace.

The rest of the community work on these lands for the wise men, and get enough to keep themselves.

2. What happened when war was made.

The wise men became known as the King's (or Chief's) friends.

When the King went to war, they fought for him, and brought their *tenants* to fight for him.

If the King conquered his enemies, he took their land and gave it to his friends.

"If I give you land, you will promise to serve me always."

Then the "friend" became the King's "man," or his "vassal."

How the feudal oath was taken. The vassal placed his folded hands between the two hands of his lord, and kneeling, swore to be faithful to him.

A King's "man" could let his land out to other people, who took the oath to him, not to the King.

3. William the Conqueror organises feudalism in England.

(i.) Normans or Northmen : conquest of North France under Rolf the Ganger. The King of France gave him lands on condition he prevented any more of the fierce Northmen from coming into France.

Rolf or Rollo became feudal lord of Normandy, and vassal of the King of France.

Weakness of a kingdom when the great vassals are as strong as were, in France, Rollo and his successors.

(ii.) Norman Duke William invades England, wins Battle of Hastings. English King, Harold, killed.

In four years William the Conqueror conquers the whole of England.

William divides the land among his followers, who take the feudal oath.

William's precautions :

Several, widely scattered, small estates, given to each noble, instead of one big one.

Not only the great nobles themselves, but the vassals of the great nobles, had to take the oath directly to the King.

4. England under William I.

No nobles were strong enough to make war on the King, because :

(i.) Their men being scattered all over the country, they could not get them together easily.

(ii.) Each noble's vassals, having taken an oath to the King, dared not make war against him.

(iii.) King William kept up the old Saxon "Fyrd" (militia), who were always glad to fight against the Normans.

New words, the meanings of which must be well learnt :

Feudal Lord.	Tenant.	Homage.
Vassal.	Feudal Oath.	

The children could act the following scenes :—

A Teutonic Chief among his Wise Men.

A Feudal Overlord receiving the homage of his vassals.

William the Conqueror receiving the homage of the lesser vassals, while the great nobles look on.
A noble, setting out with his followers to join his lord in war.

V

HENRY II. AND IRELAND

Required: Map of Ireland.
Pictures of Prince John among the Irish Chiefs, etc.

1. Condition of Ireland in the Twelfth Century.

Danish settlements in Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork.

Irish Kings of Munster, Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught continually fighting with the Danes and with one another.

Pope Adrian IV., an Englishman, hearing exaggerated reports of the evil state of religion due to the lawlessness in Ireland, had given Henry II. the right to take possession of the country to restore law and order. (This was some years before.) (Some people say that Adrian did not write this Bull, which was forged *afterwards* by Henry's friends.)

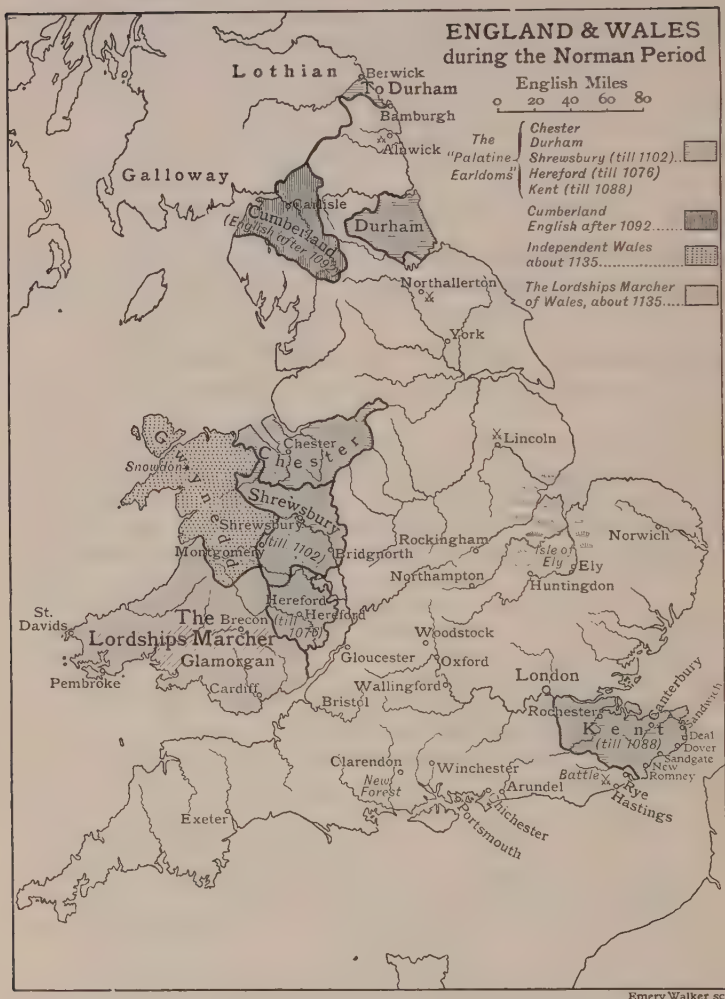
2. The Anglo-Normans are given the opportunity of obtaining a footing in Ireland.

Dermot, King of Leinster, on account of a great crime, is driven out of his country, and goes to ask help from Henry II.

Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, passes over to Ireland with Norman soldiers, and defeats Dermot's enemies. Dermot gives him gifts of lands.

Dublin is taken—much fighting. Strongbow becoming too powerful.

Henry II. comes to Ireland. He is winning in his ways: most of the Kings and Chiefs do homage to him. 1171.



[*From Tout's History of Great Britain* (*Longmans' Historical Series*).]

3. No peace comes because :

(i.) Though the Chiefs were won by Henry's magnificence and the attentions he paid them, sooner or later they would remember that he and his followers were foreigners.

(ii.) Henry could not stay in Dublin and overawe the people by a display of power.

(iii.) The force sent to Ireland was never numerous enough to keep lawlessness in check, even if the Anglo-Normans had wanted to.

(iv.) Prince John, sent to Ireland as " Lord of Ireland " in 1189, turned the people against him by his silly and vicious conduct.

4. Condition of Ireland after the Conquest.

The English Governor (Viceroy, or Lord-Lieutenant, or Lord Justice) lived in Dublin.

Many Anglo-Normans lived round Dublin and in Munster, *e.g.*, Geraldines, Butlers ; the Burkes lived in the West.

These constantly raided the other parts of the country and kept up a continual state of war and plundering.

The Irish Chiefs kept on fighting among themselves and against the Anglo-Normans.

IRELAND WAS WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE.

The children should compare :

The condition of Ireland before the Anglo-Norman conquest, with that of England before the Norman conquest.

The condition of Ireland after the Anglo-Norman conquest, with that of England after the Norman conquest, and find reasons for the differences.

N.B.—Good extracts from Giraldus Cambrensis and from " The Song of Dermot " can be found in *English History Source Books*—1154–1216. Published by George Bell. 2*s*.

VI

JOHN AND MAGNA CARTA (GREAT CHARTER)

Required : Map of Thames Valley, showing Runnymede.
Picture of John signing Magna Carta, of John's Seal on Magna Carta.

1. Why the English rebelled against John.

He had murdered his nephew, Arthur, who was only a boy.

He had let Philip of France conquer Normandy, while he was feasting and amusing himself.

He had had the country laid under an interdict because he refused to recognise Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury.

He demanded great sums of money from his barons to keep up a *mercenary* army, which he raised abroad and brought over to England to overawe the barons.

2. The Struggle between John and the Barons.

John refuses to confirm the Charter of Henry I.

Stephen Langton puts the demands of the barons in writing.

The "Army of God and Holy Church" is raised by barons and clergy ; London opens its gates.

John's followers desert him.

He appoints a day to meet the bishops and barons in a field between Staines and Windsor.

3. Signing of the Great Charter. June 15, 1215.

The great crowd assembles at Runnymede.

The King and his opponents confer together.

John sees his opponents are far stronger than he.

He signs Magna Carta.

4. The Great Charter or Magna Carta.

The King promised :

(i.) Not to interfere with the liberties of the Church.

(ii.) Not to exact money from the barons without consent of the Great Council.

(iii.) No freeman should be taken up, imprisoned, or in any way punished without trial by a jury of his peers (equals).

(iv.) Foreign mercenaries should be dismissed, and twenty-four nobles and the Lord Mayor of London appointed to see that the King kept his word.

5. Why the Signing of Magna Carta was such a great event.

John, as King, should have governed England for the people's happiness.

He had lived only for himself and his pleasure, and neglected all his duties.

Magna Carta laid down rules which, if they were kept, would protect the Church and the people from such a thing happening again.

The children could act the scene at Runnymede, reading out to John the headings of the paper he has to sign.

N.B.—For a good extract from the text of Magna Carta see *English History from Original Sources*, Book II., Morgan Bailey. (Blackie.)

VII

SIMON DE MONTFORT AND THE BEGINNINGS OF PARLIAMENT

Required: Picture of the Houses of Parliament.

1. Revision work by means of questions.

(*a*) How government began in England (previous lesson on the Feudal System).

(*b*) How the gradual breaking away from this had led to the concentration of power in the hands of the King and a few of the nobles. (John and Magna Carta.)

2. The consequences.

(*a*) No one controlled the King, who levied taxes for his own benefit.

(*b*) The people, oppressed with taxation, were unable to improve their own condition and gradually sank into serfdom. (The word "serfdom" can be explained by reference to lesson on feudalism.)

(*c*) The exclusion of the people from taking any part in the affairs of the country did not foster the growth of patriotism, and the people lost all interest in the country. (These points could be explained quite simply with reference to the children's own school life.)

3. Simon de Montfort as the People's Liberator.

(Told in story form.)

His life—English mother—English wife (the sister of Henry III.)—French by birth and manners—wholly English in his outlook. An intense love for the people leads him to devote his life to the betterment of their condition. Generous sacrifices made to attain this end—"Sir Simon the Righteous." Wise use of power when gained.

4. Simon de Montfort's work the foundation of our present Parliament.

Parliament, whose members speak for and safeguard the interests of the people.

(This could be explained by organising a miniature parliament, each group of children sending up its representative.)

VIII

THE CONQUEST OF WALES (1276–1283)

1. The position of Wales, as regards England.

The general relief of the land.

The position of Caernarvon and Conway Castles.

Note that the river valleys and the passes made the conquest of Wales a comparatively easy task. (Compare Scotland.)

Pictures of costume or one child dressed as a Welsh girl.

The Rule of the Chiefs. (Wales had always been independent.)

The song of the Bards, who sang of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table, kept up this patriotic spirit.

Llewellyn, Lord of Snowdon, afterwards Ruler of Wales, under Edward I. refused to pay tribute and to swear to "be faithful to 'his Lord' against all others."

Seizures of lands, endless delays, but Llewellyn was a brave and true prince.

Contrast his brother David, serving both sides in turn.

2. The last rising.

Fresh refusal of Llewellyn.

Edward takes him prisoner and brings him to London.

David, in spite of Edward's favours, rises against him.

Llewellyn, having paid the tribute and sworn fealty, is released and at once joins David. He did not consider a compulsory oath binding.

Edward marches into Wales for the second time.

Note easiest way most likely followed.

Battle near Caernarvon.

Llewellyn killed; David taken prisoner and hanged as traitor.

3. The Prince of Wales.

Eleanor of Castile, in the Eagle Tower of the Castle.

Birth of the little Prince.

Great gathering of all the Chiefs, three days later.

"Give us a Prince of our own nation, born in the country, who can speak neither French nor English, for no British ear can understand either language."

The baby Prince fulfils these conditions and the Chiefs solemnly, if unwillingly, kiss his little hand. He was given a Welsh nurse and Welsh servants.

4. Results.

(*a*) The wild districts were secured by the castles.

(*b*) Edward made Wales and England one; divided

Wales into counties; trade and commerce encouraged.

(*c*) Welsh settled down peaceably and gradually adopted English customs.

Final reference to the Bards, especially to "Gwalchmai," translated into English by Gray.

There is no historical foundation for the legend of the Massacre of the Bards.[1]

IX

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

FIRST PERIOD—CRESSY AND POITIERS

Aim: To serve as foundation for a later lesson on the social and economic results of the war.

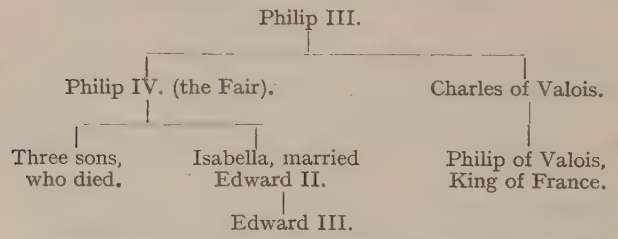
Required: Map of France.
Pictures of the Battle of Cressy, or of the Black Prince.

1. Causes of the war.

(*a*) Impossibility of peace while England retained any part of France.

(*b*) Interference of France in the quarrels between England and Scotland.

(*c*) England's claim to the French throne through his mother, Isabella, disputed by Philip of Valois on the grounds that, by the Salic Law, no woman or her descendants could ever rule in France.



[1] Let the children act "The First Prince of Wales" (*Short Scenes for Class Acting*).

(This could be acted by the children, each child explaining why he or she claimed the throne, and whether his or her claim was lawful or not.)

2. Describe as vividly as possible, in story form—

(*a*) The Battle of Cressy. Picture the spot chosen by Edward—an open space with a small stream to the right, the wood of Cressy beyond, and the village of Cressy to the north of the camp.

(A rough diagram on the board would illustrate this.)

The hush of the vigil of prayer kept by the King and the Black Prince—the stir of the camp on the morning itself—the shouts of enthusiasm as the vast hordes of the enemy showed themselves. The anxiety of the King watching the course of the fight from a windmill—his courageous reply to the appeal for succour for the Black Prince: "Is my son killed?" "Nay, sire." "Is he wounded?" "Not so, Your Majesty." "Then tell those who sent you that he shall have no help from me. Let the boy win his spurs." The dauntless courage of the Prince, a conspicuous figure in his black armour—the moments of peril and valour—the first rout of the enemy—the decisive victory for the English.

(*b*) *The taking of Calais.*—Story of the Burghers—their heroic example. Scenes in the town—sad procession—waiting of the people—intercession of knights meets with no response—the Queen's appeal touches at last the heart of the King.

(*c*) *The Battle of Poitiers.*—Decisive victory for the English.

3. The Treaty of Bretigny closes the first period.

(The loss and gain respectively effected by the treaty might be shown by means of a shaded map.)

X

HENRY V. AND AGINCOURT

Son of Henry IV. and Mary de Bohun. Reigned 1413–1422.

1. The ideal King, brave, chivalrous, and true, yet called "Madcap Harry" in his youth. (A good and just Ruler and a great soldier.)

> "If it be a sin to covet honour
> I am the most offending soul alive."
> (*Henry V.*, iv. 3.)

Therefore war with France.
Charles VI. and Dauphin both weak and unreliable.

2. Siege of Harfleur.

It lasted five weeks but yielded to Henry's "bombards," which "vomited from their fiery mouths vast quantities of stones with a terrific and intolerable noise." (*Contemporary Writer.*)

Henry's procession barefoot to St. Martin's Church.

3. Battle of Agincourt. (Village in plains of Artois.)

(*a*) Night before battle.
The French (80,000) spent the night round the watch fires in revelry and drinking—quite sure of victory.
"It is now 2 o'clock. By ten we shall have each a hundred Englishmen."
The English (12,000) mended their armour, while priests passed through the ranks, hearing confessions.
"I would not by Our Lord that another man were here; if God give the victory to the few, theirs will be the greater honour."

(*b*) The battle.
After hearing Mass, the small force was divided into three, the archers in advance.

Battle cry: "So help us God, Our Lady, and her true Knight St. George."
Order given: "Banners forward!"
Each man kissed the ground, signed himself with the cross, and rushed to the conflict.
The English were on foot, the French on horseback, and the arrows blinded the horses.
The first attack was quickly won by the English; the second, lasting two hours,. was a tremendous conflict.
1600 English were killed, 10,000 French, most of noble blood.
The chanting of the Psalm 113 on the battlefield, each man kissing the earth at the words: "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy Name give glory."
This followed by the *Te Deum.*

Henry's triumphant return to England, carried on shore by the people.

He returned to France and after fresh conquests peace was made.

Henry married Katherine the Fair and was made heir to and Regent of the Kingdom of France.

He ruled his kingdom wisely and well, but *died two years after Agincourt,* leaving a baby son to succeed him, as Henry VI.

XI

THE WARS OF THE ROSES

(During the Reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. 1461–1471)

This could be given in two lessons. (Phase 1, Phase 2.)

1. Four Figures stand out clearly:

(*a*) *Henry VI.* descended from John of Gaunt, *fourth* son of Edward III.
"In all the world there was not a more pure,

more honest, or more holy creature." (*Polydore Vergil.*)

But he was quite unfit to cope with the proud, unruly Barons, who surrounded him.

(*b*) Margaret, King René's daughter, "the peerless daisy flower of Anjou," of whom it is said that in beauty she surpassed every woman, whilst in courage she was equal to most men of her age.

(*c*) Richard, Duke of York, descended by his mother, from Lionel of Clarence, *third* son of Edward III., therefore heir to the throne, according to the strict law of descent. Handsome and popular.

(*d*) Richard, Earl of Warwick, the "Last of the Barons," on the Yorkist side—a man of courage and genius, princely in hospitality, frank in manner. "He held such a house in London that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast," and he entertained daily not less than 30,000 persons.

2. Scene in the Temple Gardens : when Warwick plucks the White Rose and Somerset, the King's cousin, the Red.

The war which followed divides into two periods.

First phase centres round :

(*a*) Battle of *Wakefield*, where the Duke of York was slain and the Earl of Salisbury taken and beheaded. Edward, his son, escaped and took his father's place.

(*b*) *Towton*—the most terrible battle ever fought in England ; where the Red Rose was defeated, 40,000 men were slain, and Edward was proclaimed King as Edward IV.

(*c*) The undaunted Queen raised another army, and after many perilous adventures (night in the robbers' cave, etc.) fought the last and fatal Battle of *Hexham.* (1464.)

Somerset and other Lancastrian nobles were taken and immediately beheaded.

A year later, King Henry VI. was caught and im-

[*From Tout's History of Great Britain* (*Longmans' Historical Series.*)]

prisoned in the Tower, where he bore with holy meekness the outrageous insults heaped upon him.

Queen Margaret escaped to the Court of Burgundy.

Second phase :

Warwick, "the King-Maker," offended at the favours showered by Edward IV. on the relations of his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, escaped to the French Court, where he was reconciled to Margaret of Anjou ; she swore "to treat the Earl as true and faithful to King Henry, and for his deeds past never to make him any reproach."

This was followed by the *marriage of Prince Edward* (Margaret's son) to Lady Anne Neville, the Earl of Warwick's daughter.

Warwick returned to England, Edward IV. fled without striking a blow for the crown, and Henry VI. was again placed on the throne ; for the moment the Red Rose was triumphant.

Edward IV. returned, however, and, swearing on the Blessed Sacrament that he renounced all claim to the throne, he managed to raise a large army, which met that of Warwick on Barnet Field. The great King-Maker fell fighting bravely, and the Lancastrian forces were broken.

Margaret, with incredible courage, rallied the scattered army at *Tewkesbury* ; she was defeated ; her son Edward was taken prisoner.

"I came to recover my father's crown and my own inheritance," he answered, and was brutally cut down by the King and his two brothers.

The pure and gentle King Henry was murdered in the Tower, where Margaret was then a prisoner, by Gloucester, the King's brother.

Five years later, King René ransomed Queen Margaret and she returned to France.

Points for conversation :

(*a*) A disastrous war leading to no good.

(*b*) The Barons' power destroyed for ever.

(*c*) "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

The Wars of the Roses may well have been a punishment on England for the Hundred Years' War.

XII

HENRY VII. (1485–1509)

A New Kind of King.

He became King in a new way.
He seems a different kind of man.
He governs in a different way.

1. He became King in a new way.

Usually in England the throne had been claimed *by right.* Elizabeth of York and Edward, Earl of Warwick, had more right than Henry, Earl of Richmond. In fact his right is very hard to find.

But:

1. He defeated Richard III., a wicked King, who, like King John, had murdered his nephews to get the throne. (Richard III. was killed at this battle: Bosworth.)
2. He persuaded Parliament to say that he was to be King, though it could not say that he was King by right; some people call this "election by Parliament."
3. He married Elizabeth of York. This is called the union of the white and red roses. (Tudor Rose.)

2. He seems a different kind of man from former English Kings.

1. He was more of a *bargain-driver* than a soldier:
   He threatened war that he might be bought off. (War with France: Treaty of Etaples.)
   He negotiated marriages to maintain peace, and to get good marriage portions:
      His son Arthur to Catherine of Aragon (Spain).
      His daughter Margaret to James IV. (Scotland).
      When his own wife was dead he wanted to marry the sister of Philip of Spain, a very rich princess, but Henry died before he could do this.

2. He was more of a *detective* than a prince :
   Keeping his own secrets, and worming out the secrets of others.
   Always suspicious, with a notebook in his bosom to write down things he noticed about his courtiers and his friends, he would not talk freely to his own mother or to his wife.
   He made mysteries about all that he did.
3. He was more of a *miser* than a ruler ; this we shall see by the way he governed. Yet by keeping England out of war and strengthening the middle classes at the expense of the nobles, he left the country prosperous.

3. He governed in a different way.

1. The great nobles were no longer looked upon as the helpers and supporters of the King. He wanted lawyers and not fighting men.
   (*a*) The descendants of the old feudal nobility had perished in numbers during the Wars of the Roses.
   (*b*) The new nobility owed everything to the King and had little power, for the Statute of *Liveries and Maintenance* [1] kept them in check.
   (*c*) As the King looked to the middle class for support, he protected their interests. His lawyer advisers were drawn from this class. (Empson and Dudley.)
2. He made money in every way, and saved it in every way.
   (1) By foreign treaties and marriages. (See above.)

[1] *Liveries and Maintenance :* Statute passed in the reign of Richard II., forbidding nobles to keep up large bodies of feudal "retainers," who were kept—"maintained"—by their Lord, and wore his "coat" or livery. These retainers would help their Lord, and if he were on trial for crime or injustice, would often bully witnesses and jury into letting him go free. In the Wars of the Roses, these retainers fought for their Lords, wearing their liveries. Henry VII. obtained a great deal of money by fining nobles who kept too many retainers in livery.

(2) By punishing rebels by heavy fines, instead of by death or imprisonment.
(3) By inflicting fines on all kinds of law-breakers.
(4) By forcing people to give him presents of money: "Benevolences."

Special Court "the Star Chamber," to try men who broke the King's laws: no jury: fines inflicted.

Empson and Dudley, under pretence of enforcing justice, extracted money in unlawful ways.

Henry accumulated a great hoard of money by these means. Thus he was able to do without Parliament, and began a kind of government known in English history as the *Tudor Despotism.*

General conclusion: Tudor England will be very different from the England of the Plantagenets.

The children might compose a conversation between Henry V. and Henry VII.:

What each thought was the use of war, of their nobles, of the law and lawyers, etc.

They could also act the visit of the King to the Earl of Oxford, who had a band of retainers drawn up to do the King honour: "My Lord, I thank you for your entertainment, but my attorney must speak to you," and a fine of £15,000, about £180,000 of our money, was the result.

N.B.—There is more than enough matter here for one lesson; it should be divided, if possible, into two.

XIII

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

Notes for a lesson to be given after King James II. of Scotland, "James of the Fiery Face." (Children's Book.)

Required: Map of the Borders, showing Flodden; drawing of the Tudor Rose;[1] pictures (if possible) of Margaret Tudor and James IV.

1. Relations between England and Scotland.

Stormy, continual warfare, especially on the borders.

Many attempts to make lasting peace by marriages between the two royal families had failed.

Scotland always in alliance with France against England.

Henry VII., not very sure of his throne, wanted to make peace with both countries, and married his daughter Mary to the French King, and his daughter Margaret to James IV. of Scotland.

In 1502 the beautiful young English princess was married, with great pomp and rejoicings, to the gallant King of Scotland.

The Scottish poet, Dunbar, sang their praises in his poem, "The Thistle and the Rose" (The thrissil and the Rois). The double rose, red and white, had been chosen by Henry VII. as the badge of the Tudors, to show that he was the representative of both houses. Note its constant recurrence in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

2. Margaret Tudor.

Unfortunately the beautiful young princess was vain and selfish. Like her brother Henry, she cared only for her own pleasure.

She made mischief, rather than peace, between the two countries. When her father died and her brother, Henry VIII., succeeded, he refused to give her the jewels her father had left her in his will.

Margaret and James were both angry.

Then Henry went to war with France, the ally of Scotland.

3. James IV.

The gallant King was too gallant. He made war on England because he could not refuse a lady's request.

[1] In the heraldic Tudor Rose the white rose is superimposed on the red.

The Queen of France, Anne of Brittany, sent him a ring, calling him her own true knight, and telling him that France was in danger, and she counted on his honour to defend it.

France was not really in danger, but James thought that honour obliged him to make war on England.

His wisest counsellors implored him to keep the peace ; the good and wise old Bishop Elphinstone, whom he had known all his life, knelt before him beseeching him not to declare war.

War was declared. The Battle of Flodden ended in a fearful defeat for the Scots. James, with the flower of his nobility and 10,000 men, was left dead on the field.

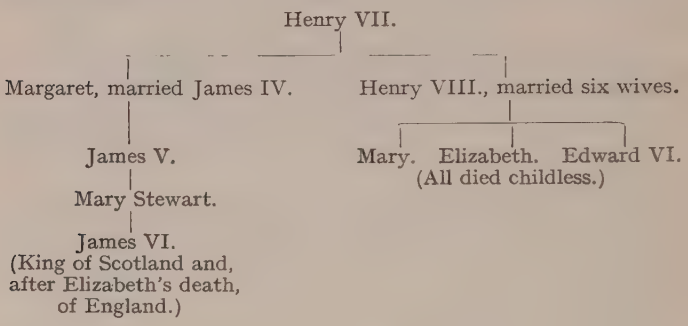
A little child, James V., was left as King, with his foolish, selfish mother as regent.

Let the children learn the following extract from "Edinburgh after Flodden" (*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, Aytoun). It can be taught to them verbally, or used as a writing exercise :

"Woe and woe, and lamentation !
What a piteous cry was there !
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
Through the streets the death-word rushes
Spreading terror, sweeping on—
Jesu Christ ! our king has fallen—
O great God, King James is gone !
Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou, who erst did lose thy Son !
Oh the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before !
O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more ?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland,
O our sons, our sons and men !
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again !
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin
Ye may look in vain for them ! "

Yet, though peace did not come for many a long day, it was through the marriage between James IV. and

Margaret Tudor that union between England and Scotland came at last.



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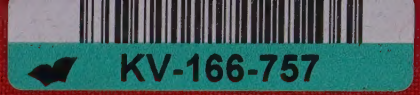
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